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The Week

IN contemplating the emerging profile of the foreign policy of the administration, we do not know whether to rejoice at the excellence of some of its features or to weep at the cheapness of the personal instruments which it employs for some of its most important assignments. Certainly, the appointment of Colonel George Harvey to represent the American nation in the Supreme Council of Europe is indefensibly bad—bad enough to be grotesque, culpable and nauseating. The position requires the highest qualities of a statesman—integrity, vision, penetration, ingenuity, patience and imagination. The success or failure of President Harding in formulating a working adjustment between America and Europe may well depend upon the information and advice which he receives from his representative on the Supreme Council and the unofficial hints which that representative hands out to his European colleagues as to the probable course of American public opinion and policy. Colonel Harvey is a shrewd and successful journalist, but he is essentially a cheap, vindictive, small-minded and unscrupulous man whose chief qualification for the office is a vivid positiveness and aggressiveness of personality. To appoint this Bottomley of Broadway, this Hearst of a few fashionable anti-Wilson drawing rooms and club houses to such an office is an extraordinary commentary on the supposed wealth of diplomatic and political ability in the Republican party.

LLOYD GEORGE'S concern over the military menace of Germany would be ludicrous if it were sincere. True, there is an Einwohnerwehr or militia of 300,000 men in Bavaria, which could make endless trouble in guerilla warfare, although with such equipment as it possesses its offensive power is limited. Why is it that the Berlin government has not attempted to disarm and disband this organization? Because it has not the forces to do it with, and moreover it can not afford to risk open conflict with Bavaria while the French are doing their best to provoke a separatist movement. There are also irregular forces in East Prussia that were not exactly disapproved of by England at the time of the Yudenitch enterprise, nor are they disapproved of now by the anti-Bolsheviks. That the aggregate German forces amount to little may be inferred from the contemptuous aggressions of the Poles in Upper Silesia. Lloyd George included the military defaults of Germany in the ultimatum because he wanted something there that would enable him to save his face even if a government were found to accept the indemnity terms and France nevertheless decided to seize the Ruhr. It was necessary to require of the German government something that looks easy but is in fact impossible.

THE Polish insurrections in Silesia have shown the Allied Supreme Council what would have hap-

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pened had a large part of the Upper Silesian plebiscite district been actually awarded to Germany. For the trouble started with the publication of a report that the mining districts of Pless and Rybnik alone were to be given to Poland. On May 5th organized bands within Silesia began to disarm the plebiscite police. Many others, some in Polish uniform, crossed the border from Poland to join them, and these forces, some 20,000 strong, apparently well organized and supplied with trucks and plenty of ammunition, surrounded a number of the larger towns, and finally overran almost the whole of the plebiscite area. In a determined resistance to these raiders, the Allied forces, particularly the Italians, lost a number of men killed and wounded. So far, the Germans have managed to refrain from retaliation, but no one can tell how soon the bitterness on both sides may explode into civil war, with which the Allied troops would be unable to deal. The next step might easily be a real war between Germany and Poland.

THOUGH the Polish government has repudiated Korfanty, the leader and organizer of the insurgents, and though it has forbidden the recruiting of volunteers for Upper Silesia, it would be easier to believe official Poland was opposed to the raid if one could forget the seizure of Vilna by General Zeligowski, who is still there. For recruiting, though forbidden, seems to go on just the same. Excited crowds, thousands of volunteers carrying flags, peasants armed with scythes, fill the streets of Warsaw. Appeals to Poles to fight for a Polish Upper Silesia are posted on the walls. The Polish Minister to Italy, M. Skirmunt, in apologizing for the killing of Italian troops, probably expressed the feelings of his government when he said that the insurgents had not attacked the Allied forces because they were the Allies, but for being an armed force "opposing the most sacred aspirations of the Poles." He disclaimed all responsibility on the part of his government for the disorders, but explained them, shrewdly enough, as a repetition of Fiume, as an attempt to "create an accomplished fact capable of influencing a later decision." If this insurrection should influence—or force—the Allies to hand over to Poland more than they had intended, one can safely say that the Polish government would not be sorry it had happened.

BY the time Congress has heard all the various interests now seeking protection the public will have gained light on many problems hitherto shrouded in the darkness of propaganda. Take the Mexican petroleum question, for example. The oil companies have been crying to Heaven that they were so bitterly wronged that every red-blooded American ought to rush to their relief, even if that involved painting all Mexico red with Mexican and American blood. A practical test of the degree in which the oil companies are wronged is this: Are they making a reasonable return on their investments? Their reports of profits and the dividends declared have indicated that they are doing fairly well. And now the oil interests of our own Gulf Coast and Kansas and Oklahoma are demanding protection because Mexican oil is produced too freely and at too low a cost. The Gulf Coast producers have named a committee to try to get Congress to levy an import duty. If they fail in that they are going to try to get Mexico to increase her export duties, now amounting to about fifteen cents a barrel, far too little to equalize production costs in this country and in Mexico. Yet that fifteen cents duty was one of the strongest reasons offered by the oil companies for "cleaning up Mexico."

THE House has for the time being blocked the attempt of northern Republicans to start an investigation of the disfranchisement of the Negro in the South. A resolution for such an investigation, was defeated, 285 to 46. This is to be regretted. Everybody knows that the Negro is fairly thoroughly disfranchised in the South, but the true extent of his disability is not known, yet must be before anything can be done to amend it. A recent pamphlet issued by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People throws much light on the extent to which Negroes were disfranchised in the last election. It contains a number of illuminating quotations, mainly from Southern newspapers. We learn, for instance, that the "Butts County (Georgia) board of registrars met this week to purge the list of colored voters." In Columbia, South Carolina, a large number of Negro women were not allowed to register, after being required to read, "not the Constitution, but sections of the civil and criminal code of South Carolina," which they were asked to "explain." In Jacksonville, Florida, registration officials said they had sworn out five hundred warrants—to be served on election day—for Negro women who had begun "flooding" the registration offices. A dispatch to the New York Herald said that practically no Negro women had tried to register in Louisiana. From the Savannah News: "Negroes are allowed to vote in general elections, but the requirements

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are such that heretofore the number of Negroes that have registered has been insignificant." A letter from Jefferson County, Alabama, told how out of a total population of 121,000 Negroes, only 800 were voters.

IT could easily be said that even a large number of such flagrant cases as these is not enough to indict the South as a whole. But the figures of the last election and the figures of the 1920 census are quite sufficient for such an indictment. These figures are presented by Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois in the Association's pamphlet. In twenty-four states, twenty-five per cent or more of the population voted last November. In ten states—the states we think of as the Solid South, where Negroes often equal whites in number—the voters were but a small fraction of the population: eighteen per cent in Tennessee, five per cent in Georgia, 3.9 per cent in South Carolina. Dr. Du Bois's figures contrast the Middle Western states, where one out of every three persons voted, with the Southern States, where only one in ten did so. What happened to the other nine? A large portion of them were Negroes, who are in the main not allowed to vote by the whites, in a successful effort to maintain "white supremacy."

IN September, 1918, a Minimum Wage Board was established, by act of Congress, for the District of Columbia. The usual predictions were made: a legal minimum would hurt business, it would react unfavorably on the cost of living, and, when extended to the wages of women, it would result in a reduction in the number of women employed, and in their replacement by men. The third annual report of the Board shows that, so far as women are concerned, none of these gloomy predictions has come true. Employers publicly admit that business is better; the cost of living in the District of Columbia is subject to the same, but no worse, fluctuations than appear in other places where no minimum wages are in force; the employment of women has decreased barely four per cent since the peak of war work, and women are not being replaced by men. The community, then, has lost nothing through the minimum wage laws. Women, on the other hand, are a great deal better off. Before the laws took effect, some 70 to 80 per cent of all the women employed in the District—about 17,000—were earning less than the present minimum. In certain industries, hotels, restaurants, laundry, mercantile and printing, where half the women were receiving $12 a week or less, and some of them as little as $4, $5, or $6, the minimum wages are now from $15 to $16.50 a week. The wages of about 12,000 women have been increased on an average of 38 per cent, and two-fifths of them are getting more than the minimum at present. This is a substantial gain, yet women are still a long way from receiving equal pay for work equal to the work of men.

CAPTAIN HUGH S. MARTIN, who once upon a time was military attaché to our Embassy in Petrograd, and who wants America to wake up and stop the inroads Bolshevist propaganda is making here, especially in the colleges and universities, has a simple plan for drying up Bolshevism at its source. "If we would appropriate $10,000,000," he says, "and place it in the hands of patriotic Russians it would do the business . . . . With the [Moscow] government in practically the hands of four men, there would be those who would sell out for a price." Pass the hat! What one hundred per cent American will head the subscription list? Only $10,000,000, and the Red Peril is no more! The Communists are for sale—for 50,000 shares of United States Steel Common Lenin will drop out of sight; Trotsky will be satisfied with a block of real estate in the vicinity of Broadway and 42nd street; Zinoviev will cease insidiously agitating if given a controlling share in the minor leagues, and scores of comrades would exchange their dictatorship for soft jobs as small town postmasters.

UNTIL recently it was impossible for two parties, whose views differed as to their legal rights in some particular matter, to have a court judge the merits of their controversy unless one of them actually infringed on the legal rights of the other. That is to say, the controversy could not be settled by judicial judgment unless there were grounds for bringing suit. The courts could only give the benefit of their judgment in case of an actual litigation—a costly process which the parties to a controversy often wished to avoid; they could not render a "declaratory judgment." A recent statute of the State of Michigan, which sought to make declaratory judgments possible, was declared unconstitutional largely on the ground that it might degrade judicial tribunals into bureaus of legal information. But, the Journal of the American Bar Association for March tells us, a Kansas statute which went into effect last month avoids this difficulty, and makes "declaratory judgments" possible and easy. This statute, says the Journal, "rests on the assumption that it is within the province of judicial power to lay hold of a concrete controversy and make a definitive adjudication of right in advance of actual

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depredation." Its purpose, as declared in section 6, is "to afford relief from the uncertainty and insecurity attendant upon controversies over legal rights, without requiring one of the parties interested so to invade the rights asserted by the other as to entitle him to maintain an ordinary action therefor."

THE machinery for nominations by primary in New York state has been partially scrapped. Governor Miller has signed the Whitley bill, which, in substance, provides for a return to the old fashioned party convention, but guards against "boss rule" by improvements in the convention system in two respects. First, the delegates to the party caucuses are to be chosen in direct primaries, and anyone who can persuade two hundred and fifty citizens to sign his petition can become a candidate for delegate. Second, the power to decide contested seats is removed from a committee of the party convention to the district Supreme Court. This is a step backwards in name alone. The voice of the "people" could not express itself through the clumsy direct primary. Nor, we venture to say, will this voice be heard any louder for the Whitley bill.

Has Mr. Harding Adopted Mr. Wilson's Foreign Policy?

PRESIDENT HARDING and Secretary Hughes continue to keep the foreign policy of the country headed in a promising direction. By accepting the invitation of the Allies to send American representatives to the meetings of the Reparations Commission and the Supreme Council, they took a courageous forward step. It is an advance which has displeased a powerful and aggressive faction in the Republican party, but it was a wise movement which merely provided an appropriate machinery for the necessary adjustment of the foreign policy of this country to that of its former allies and enemies in Europe. The United States could not permanently withdraw as completely from the counsels of Europe as the Wilson administration was obliged to withdraw after the failure to ratify the Treaty or as the irreconcilables have wished and demanded. The welfare of the American nation requires the use of its political and economic power in the interest of European stabilization. The present administration may not succeed in the difficult task of effecting a settlement, but in so far as it possessed heart and brains it was bound to try. To their great credit the President and his Secretary of State divined the necessity and quickly acted on their understanding.

The friends of the Wilson administration interpret this decision as a vindication of the Wilson program. In a limited sense it is a vindication. As we pointed out in commenting on President Harding's address to Congress, the new President is confronted with the necessity which his predecessor first realized in 1916 of mediating between America and Europe—two continents which are both united and divided by many traditions and many interests. When Mr. Wilson led this country into the war, it was on a program of political mediation which he first succeeded in crystallizing in the political provisions of the armistice and finally perverted in the Treaty of Versailles and the League of Nations. That perversion of his original purpose the American people rejected at the last election. There is not the slightest indication that the administration proposes to reverse the decision of the American people, but it is resuming a positive relationship with Europe which Mr. Wilson first proposed and which many Republicans have denounced. By resuming Mr. Wilson's attempt to mediate in Europe President Harding vindicates the purpose which underlay the Wilson program, but he is not vindicating its form and method.

On the contrary, the best chance of success which the new mediation possesses comes from the possession of a freedom of action by the American government which the signature of the Treaty would have gravely and mischievously impaired. America reenters the counsels of Europe as a disinterested and powerful friend, which is not committed, as are the signatories of the Treaty, to the engagement of that pernicious bargain. Refusal to ratify the Treaty and the consequent freedom from irrelevant and embarrassing specific responsibilities will enable the American government to use its influence much more effectively on behalf of a healing and stabilizing policy than it could have done if it had promised to execute the Treaty. If its associates reject its friendly counsels, it can back out without disloyalty, and the preservation of such a method of escape is, under the circumstances, salutary. The American government can not only discriminate much more intelligently and disinterestedly than it otherwise could between the decisions which it approves and those which it disapproves, but it retains in the threat of renewed withdrawal an effective measure of protection against the adoption by its associates of a course of action which it may profoundly dislike. It does not risk all its assets in a political copartnership: It limits its liability by buying only a certain number of shares in the company and by leaving the door of escape open at small expense to itself.

This is as it should be. The position which the American government will now assume in the

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counsels of Europe is a true reflection of the facts of the relationship between the two continents. The interests of the American nation are deeply engaged in Europe, but not so deeply or in so much detail as the interests of the European nations. We can serve both Europe and our own interests in Europe more effectively by retaining for the present an independence of attitude which enables the American government to use its own judgment about the measure of responsibility which it will assume and the measure which it will reject. And the American nation in insisting on occupying an exceptional position of this kind is not asking for any privilege which is not justified by the underlying physical and moral facts. The American nation is more disinterested with respect to Europe than are the European nations. It intervened in the European war rather for the benefit of Europe than the benefit of America. It backed out when its allies, under pretence of yielding to President Wilson's insistence on a League of Nations, tried to commit it to the enforcement of a Treaty framed for the purpose of promoting the exclusively nationalistic interests of the victors. It now returns to mediation, freed from the entanglements of the Treaty and honestly anxious to serve not as the catspaw of English, French or Italian imperialism but as the friend of European stabilization.

Of course the American government cannot preserve indefinitely its present entire freedom of action. If its representatives take part in the deliberations of the Supreme Council and if they approve any important decisions reached by that body it must assume the specific responsibility of carrying out that decision. Furthermore, it must sign treaties with its former allies and enemies which will necessarily crystallize still more definitely its relationship to Europe. It must move in the direction of a general agreement which will try to set up some machinery for international conference and disarmament. The specific program, when it is formulated, may or may not prove to be adequate or even acceptable. The approval of mediation by the American government in Europe does not bring with it approval of any particular plan of mediation which the present government finally formulates. The task of finding a formula of mediation which is sufficiently definite to meet immediate needs without compromising the American nation in excessively detailed and onerous European responsibilities is one of the most thorny ever imposed upon American statesmen. But they must try and while they are trying they are entitled to the patient and attentive support of their fellow-citizens.

At any rate, the present administration, whether it fails or succeeds, will have adopted a policy whose working out will educate rather than miseducate American public opinion. During the election the discussion of the League issue was profoundly miseducative. Both parties distorted the issue. The pro-Wilson party tried to convince the American people that a vote against Cox was a vote in favor of isolation and against the ideals for which the American nation entered the war. The general tendency of the anti-Wilson propaganda admitted this indictment. The Republican orators did talk as if a Republican victory would mean return by the American nation to irresponsible isolation. But those of us who voted against Wilson in 1920 knew that we were not voting in favor of isolation, just as those of us who voted for him in 1916 knew that we were not voting in favor of non-intervention in Europe. In both cases the real question was not whether America should or should not intervene. She could not and cannot evade intervention, because whether she goes in or stays out her behavior decides the issue. The question really is what political purposes shall she try to realize by intervening? Are they or are they not disinterested? Will the effect of intervention for the benefit of a particular program be to strengthen those political forces in Europe which are making for stabilization and recovery or will it strengthen the forces which make for aggression and disintegration? American public opinion will as a consequence of the new mediation ferment and seethe in the effort to answer such really enlightening questions. Ultimately as a result of the leadership of the administration and the fermentation of opinion a policy will emerge upon which the attention of the American people can focus either in net approval or net disapproval.

Where the Indemnity Stands

ON the face of the bond, Germany is indebted for an indemnity of about thirty-two billions of dollars, according to the ultimatum presented by the Allied Powers. If an American wishes to form a definite conception of the burden this represents, he might imagine the United States burdened with a foreign debt of seventy-five billions. We chafe and fret under a domestic debt of twenty-four billions, part of which is offset by foreign credits on which we may reasonably expect to realize. How should we feel about seventy-five billions, all foreign? What American statesman would cheerfully sign an agreement formally obligating us in

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that amount? Yet it would come nearer within our capacity to pay than the figures prescribed by the Allies come within Germany's capacity. Our productive power today is certainly more than two and one half times that of Germany, and we are much farther from a full development of our productive power.

But no one any longer contents himself with the surface appearance of any act of the Allied statesmen. Candor is not in them. They have the idea fixed in their heads that they must delude their own people in order to rule them for the people's good. It will be hard, it is said, for M. Briand to ride the storm roused by the moderation of these immoderate figures. As for letting the people know what the statesmen really expect as a practical maximum, that would be quite too violent a counsel of desperation. Still, the financiers and a few other insiders had to have something besides bluff to bite on. The indemnity ultimatum had to convey an esoteric meaning as well as a meaning for the vulgar democracies. That esoteric meaning appears in the "scheme of payments", the arithmetic of which the statesmen assume can not be understood by the public. But let us see whether we can understand it or not.

Three series of bonds are to be turned over to the Allies by Germany. Series A, amounting to £600,000,000, which we will for convenience call three billion dollars, will pay interest at five per cent and one per cent for amortization. Series B, amounting to $9,500,000,000, will apparently yield the same returns. Series C, for $20,500,000,000, stands in a class apart. The bonds representing it are not to be issued until the payments which Germany can make cover the claims of the first two series and leave a surplus besides. Nor is interest to accumulate on this series. If the Allied governments followed the sound principles of corporation finance they would not call this series bonds at all, but common stock. Like any other common stock, its present value must be calculated from the income that may be expected to fall to it.

Now, the fixed charges required by the first two series amount to $750,000,000 a year. To cover these charges Germany is to pay $500,000,000, plus twenty-six per cent of her aggregate exports, of which the inconvenient twenty-sixth per cent is apparently assigned to Series C, to instil a little life in it. German exports for the coming year may be expected to hover around the billion mark, That would just provide the sum needed, together with the $500,000,000 nuclear payment, to discharge the claims of the first two series, with ten millions over for Series C.

But suppose German exports increase to two billions. Another $260,000,000 would then become available, for a contribution on Series C, unless the Allied governments decided to follow sound rules of practical finance and to accumulate a reserve to make certain the payments due under Series A and B. Sooner or later, however, if German exports maintained the two billion dollar level, there would be this sum of $260,000,000 plus the ten millions derived from one per cent on the first billion of trade. This sum of $270,000,000 would provide interest and amortization on something less than five billions. Without going into tedious detail, we may note that the export trade Germany would have to have in order to pay interest on the whole of Series C would be about six billion dollars. Until that level has been attained Series C must remain a watered stock.

The stability of value of Series A and B, and the emergence of value in Series C depend on the prospects of German export trade. What are those prospects? In the pre-war period, when Germany held the second place in iron and steel production and in ocean shipping, when she possessed the most efficient existing system of foreign marketing, she was able to keep her exports around two billions. Those resources are gone. Her best markets, in the territories of the former Dual Empire and Russia, are so hopelessly disorganized that not much can be expected from them in a decade. German goods may be discriminated against by the Allied Powers for five years, under the Treaty, and are in fact subject to prohibitory duties in England. Does anyone imagine that the prospects of German exports rising to the two billion dollar mark are bright? As for the six billions needed to give par value to Series C, that is a wild dream. In working out such a scheme of payments, the Allied statesmen admitted that the twenty billions of Series C bonds represent something far less than their face in actual value. In the improbable event of an export level of two billions, they are worth five billions. We doubt that any financial group in the world would give the Allied governments two billion and a half in cash for all the proceeds that may ever be realized under Series C. Assuming that Series A and B can be held at par, all that the Allied statesmen are now hoping to extort from Germany amounts to fifteen billions in present values. And if it had not been for the necessity of deluding the Al-

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lied populations, we may suppose that the statesmen would have fixed some such figure.

But will it be possible for Germany to make the payment of $750,000,000 needed to hold the first two series at par? If she were to make payment in foreign exchange, she would have to export one billion dollars worth of goods and limit herself to imports of a quarter of a billion. That is not a credible relation of exports and imports, in view of Germany's dependence on imported foodstuffs and raw materials. In order to export a billion she would have to import probably three-quarters of a billion, at least. To export two billions she would have to import a billion and a half. That would leave her with only half a billion available to meet an indemnity obligation now increased to a billion. One may assume any set of exports figures he may conceive to fall within the range of possibility; if he allows for the necessary increase in imports he will find that Germany cannot discharge the indemnity obligation by any excess of foreign credits. It must be that the Allied statesmen contemplated other means of payment. And the only means that present themselves are titles to ownership in German industries. But that would merely postpone the difficulty, for the foreign owners of German stocks would demand their dividends in foreign exchange, the supply of which would remain inadequate for the recurrent indemnity charges.

For some years the Germans could meet the obligations under Series A and B through keeping imports at a minimum and alienating their industries. Sooner or later the Allied publics would be weaned of the notion that Series C represented any real value, and would see that it had better be wiped out in the interest of the prior bondholders. In trying to market the bonds of the first two series the Allied governments would discover that the third series served no other purpose but to drive away investors. Inflated demands, upon Germany, internal customs duties, trade discriminations, excessive occupation charges will have to be done away with if the Allied countries are to realize a fair value on any of their indemnity bonds. And the Allied governments, especially France, need to realize on those bonds, promptly. By accepting this scheme of payment in good faith and making the best of it, the Germans would at least be able to substitute for the cupidities of the politicians, limited only by the skies, the cupidities of the financiers and the investing public, which are subject to the limitations of practical possibilities. They would have accepted an obligation in excess of what was stipulated in the armistice agreement. But the guns are at their heads.

The Bryn Mawr Summer School for Working Women

EIGHT years ago the Women's Trade Union League passed a resolution asking the women's colleges to open their doors to working women. At that time the demand for adult education on the part of industrial workers was much less general and insistent than it is today, and the solidarity between women of all classes, that is one of the best fruits of the suffrage movement, was also less assured. So it is only in 1921 that a college "of the privileged" has waked up to a new opportunity. At the suggestion of President Thomas, the Directors of Bryn Mawr have loaned the college for a "Summer School for Women Workers in Industry."

The overwhelmingly warm and eager response that the proposal has met with, both among Bryn Mawr alumnae and among working women seems to prove already the vitality of the experiment. In any case, the desire of the intellectuals to share with and learn from those who work with their hands and the workers' desire to enrich their lives with knowledge and the humanities are clear. The school is being organized and will be managed by a joint administrative committee made up of representatives of the Directors, Faculty and alumnae of the college, together with representatives of women workers in industry. And these latter have, with the help of Miss Mary Anderson, Director of the Women's Bureau of the Federal Department of Labor, been chosen from varied industries and widely separate sections of the country, from among organized and unorganized industrial workers. Names like Mabel Gillespie, Rose Schneiderman, Melinda Scott carry great weight. On the advisory committees, such women as Miss Florence Simms of the industrial section of the Y. W. C. A. and Miss Jean Hamilton of the National League of Women Workers—representing each some thirty thousand unorganized workers—are cooperating. Most experiments in workers' education have up to date had a socialistic bias. The following resolution of the joint committee will make clear that the Bryn Mawr experiment has no bias whatever: "Moved that the school shall not be committed to any dogma or theory but shall conduct its teachings in a broad spirit of impartial inquiry, with absolute freedom of discussion and academic freedom of teaching." This resolution will doubtless be a safeguard for both groups, but both are heartily convinced of a common integrity of purpose.

Two halls of residence, the main lecture hall,

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the library, the athletic fields and gymnasium are to be turned over to the uses of the summer school for eight weeks, (June 15th to August 10th). There will be, this year, seventy students, all holding scholarships and chosen by local committees throughout the country from industry at large,—the most representative, the most mixed and diverse group that can be selected. For the purposes of the school, "women workers in industry" are defined as women who are working with the tools of their trade, not in a supervisory capacity. To the regret of the industrial group, who wanted no further restrictions, it has been found necessary to exclude, merely for this first experimental year, office workers, saleswomen, household workers and waitresses. But at their own request, ten places will be reserved for "leaders in industry" who themselves long passionately to get beyond the ABC's they are constrained to teach to successive groups of young workers.

The students will live under the same general conditions as Bryn Mawr undergraduates, entirely free, for instance, from domestic service like waiting on table or taking care of their rooms. But groups of Bryn Mawr alumnae will live with them in the halls, acting as tutors, teaching sports, aiding with the launching of student activities like self-government. There will be no organized religious exercises. The day will begin with community singing and a chapel talk, and continue with three hours of lectures, followed in the afternoon by discussion in small groups, then by sports and games, then, in the evening, by lectures, or movies, or dancing on the roof of the gymnasium.

The academic work will centre around two groups of studies—literature and history, or labor and economics and law. Every student must study English composition in connection with work done in other courses. Hygiene and physiology, public speaking, and the history of the earth are also required. The desire of the workers to study labor problems goes without saying, but their hunger for courses like art and archaeology and literature reveals a consuming starvation of the spirit. The organizers of the school have been fortunate in having, in the establishment of their teaching policy and curriculum, the help of Mr. Henry Clay of New College, Oxford, who has consented also to teach in the school for several weeks. His experience in the workers' education classes in England—where adult education is far more advanced than in America—will be invaluable to the Bryn Mawr school, as the most difficult problem any labor school has to face is the actual teaching of a mixed industrial group with uneven academic preparation.

It is expected that $14,000, apportioned in seventy scholarships of $200 each, will meet the general expenses. An additional fund is needed to pay for railway fares and amusements. The labor unions will help so far as they can, especially in aiding the workers' families who are dependent on their wages. A part of the money has already been obtained in small subscriptions from interested individuals. Employers may contribute to the school—but may not nominate candidates—and it is hoped that they will warmly facilitate the eight weeks absence from work.

The results of an experiment of this sort are incalculable, full of a deeper promise than one quite dares put into words. The idea of the "leaders" is that the students are not going, as a result of their studies to better their condition in life, rather to carry back wisdom to their sisters, to become "tone givers" in their own groups. But who shall say what eight weeks of utter freedom from care and worry, of hard stimulating study, of healthy joyous exercise and companionship in the beauty of the Bryn Mawr campus, may do for a Russian-Polish tailoress who left school at the age of nine? Or what a Bryn Mawr alumna, nourished and hedged and protected beyond her will, perhaps, by natural circumstance, may learn from eight weeks' close association with the reality of working women? Both types are applying for scholarships, for tutorships in far greater numbers than can be accepted. It should not be long before more women's colleges consecrate plants otherwise idle during the summer months to such constructive uses.

Social Aspects of Wage Reductions

IN his testimony before the Senate Committee during the steel strike Mr. Elbert Gary stated, "I have forgotten how many times we increased wages during the war, but repeatedly, voluntarily, arbitrarily—but arbitrarily in favor of the workmen." The management of the Steel Corporation has once more changed wages arbitrarily, but this time it is arbitrarily against the workmen. It has reduced wages twenty per cent without explaining why it selected precisely this percentage. We have not seen any calculation of the diminution in the cost of living which placed it in excess of fifteen per cent. Whenever boards of arbitration have reduced wages under some agreement by which rates of pay were to vary commensurately with the cost of subsistence, they have ordered reductions which varied between ten and fifteen per cent. But the management of the Steel Corporation does not have to explain. It "arbitrarily" preferred twenty per cent and its preferences rule the indus-

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try. The employees are not consulted about decisions which vitally affect their welfare; and being unorganized they lack any effective means of protecting their interests or of resisting the edicts of the management.

In this connection it is pertinent to recall some of the facts about the wages policy of the Steel Corporation which were brought out in the Report on the Steel Strike of the Commission of the Interchurch World Movement. If the employees of the Steel Corporation are paid at a generous rate, they can stand without much suffering a reduction in wages which is disproportionately large as compared with the reduction in the cost of living. But if they, or any large proportion of them, were already underpaid, the diminution of their wages by twenty per cent will bring about the increasing degradation of a standard of living which already falls below the standards essential for healthy and self-respecting American citizens.

The Interchurch investigation did not substantiate Mr. Gary's claim in his testimony before the Senate Committee "that there is no basic industry in this country which has paid larger wages to its employees than the United States Steel Corporation." It showed that the management of the company had adopted a policy of paying generous wages to a small highly skilled body of American workers who were displayed on the top of industry, but of paying on the whole rather lower rates per hour than do other similar industries for common labor. The amounts earned by the bulk of the unskilled labor sometimes look large, but their size is determined not by a high rate per hour but by the extraordinarily long hours which they are compelled to work. In 1919, for instance, the Steel Corporation's wage and salary budget ($255,861,264 for eight months) was distributed among 191,000 employees. Some 58,000 or 30 per cent are classed as skilled and they received over $159,000,000, 41½ per cent of the wages, or about $2,750 each. Some 60,000 or 31½ per cent were semi-skilled and received over $117,000,000, or about 30½ per cent of the wages, which was $1,952 for each worker in this class. Finally there were over 22,000 unskilled laborers, numbering about 38 per cent of the total, who received a little over $106,000,000, which was less than 28 per cent of the whole. The average of this common laborer was only $1,466.

The Report compares these average wages with two standards of the cost of living which have been compiled by recognized statistical authorities. The lower of these standards is only intended to provide for the family which receives the bare necessities of animal well being. The higher is supposed to provide in addition for the essentials of health and comfort, but for very few comforts. It is the lowest possible estimate of what may be called an American standard of living. In August, 1919, a family of five needed an income of $1,575 to purchase the barest necessities of life, while it would have needed $2,024 to attain the minimum level of comfort. Thus in that year the unskilled workers' annual earnings were over $109 less than the lowest subsistence level and were $558 below the American standard of living. The average income of even the semi-skilled workers did not attain the most conservative estimate of an American standard of living. These two groups, the unskilled and the semi-skilled, include seventy-two per cent of all manufacturing iron and steel workers. Curiously enough all the earnings of the unskilled workers just fall short of the standard which common labor is entitled to expect under the existing system—the standard of bare subsistence, while the earnings of the semi-skilled workers just fall short of the level which more steady workers are accustomed to demand—the level of decency and a few comforts. Each group of laborers approach the standard which represents to them the maximum possible accomplishment and each falls short. Under such conditions only exceptionally self-denying or niggardly laborers can save. The shadow of the wolf at the door will prevent them from quitting or striking except under grave provocation.

If the foregoing description of the wages policy of the Steel Corporation is accurate (it has never been challenged by the company's statisticians) the reader can infer what effect a twenty per cent reduction in wages will have upon the standard of living of its unskilled and semi-skilled labor. At the present time the income which a worker ought to earn in order to attain the lowest comfort level would be only slightly below the estimate for August, 1919, used by the Interchurch Commission. The cost of living increased between August, 1919, and its highest point in the spring of 1920 almost as much as it has diminished since that time. The lowest American standard of living would still call for an income not far from $2,000, yet the earnings of the semi-skilled worker after having been raised ten per cent in February, 1920, and curtailed twenty per cent a few weeks ago would run, even if steadily employed, from $1,600 to $1,700. For the same reason the income which a worker ought to earn in order to attain the lowest subsistence level would be somewhat over $1,500, whereas even if he is steadily employed the unskilled worker will now earn on the average only about $1,275.

Such are the effects of a period of business de-

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pression on an industry the management of which considers it un-American to discuss collectively with its employees decisions affecting their welfare. Compare them with the results which are obtained in an industry which is governed not by the arbitrary preference of the employer but by a council upon which both employer and employee are represented and in case of differences by impartial and well-informed arbitration. In an article published a short time ago in the New Republic, Mr. Paul Blanshard gave an account of the hearings about a proposed reduction of wages which the Labor Adjustment Board of the Rochester Clothing Industry has recently held. That Board has just published its findings, which are interesting enough to justify a careful summary.

The Board decided that labor costs must be reduced but that cuts in wages would not reduce them by any "worth while amount." It refuses to order a reduction in wages, even though the adjustment boards of the same industry established in Chicago recently diminished wages by ten per cent. It found that the wage levels of the Rochester clothing industry are still below those of the competitive markets, even when the recent decrease in Chicago is included. "In industries," the award declares, "where labor relations are chaotic and unregulated except by strikes and lockouts or dictatorship by one side or the other, there may be some cause for forcing wages down just as arbitrarily as they were forced up. But neither justice nor sound industrial policy can justify the maintenance of wages at reasonable levels on a rising market and then when the market falls not using the same machinery to safeguard the workers' standard of living." "Thirty-four dollars a week for men and $22.50 for women are not wages that can stand much cutting." Nevertheless "something must be done to lower costs and prices in order that the industry may revive. The interests of all concerned require that more work be offered to the employees and this can only be done by a sacrifice of some kind." In such an emergency the Board might have to reduce wages even if wages were low, but the Chairman wants to avoid a reduction if possible, and he proposes as an alternative a change in the method of payment of a large proportion of workers from a time-rate to a piece-rate. He considers such a change the soundest method of rescuing the industry from its existing depression. What is needed is lower costs and prices without any diminution of the purchasing power of the wage-earner. The change from week-work to payment by the piece will increase the earnings of the workers and at the same time diminish by means of increased output the unit cost of production.

Upon the merits of the Impartial Chairman's decision in this particular instance, we are not competent to pass, but it is worth while to insist most emphatically upon the superiority of the method whereby it was reached over the method whereby the Steel Corporation has dealt with a similar predicament. In the case of the Rochester clothing industry the Impartial Chairman used the emergency to increase the efficiency of the industry without tampering with the standards of living of the employees; and if his decision accomplishes these results he will have pulled the industry through a grievous crisis without throwing the burden of the depression upon the wage-earners who cannot assume it without reducing their economic and social efficiency. The reasons for his decision are published and discussed, and as the result of the discussion its employees come to understand how the industry works and what is the condition of its prosperity. Its government rests on informed public opinion and some measure of consent. But in the case of the Steel Corporation the cost of the depression falls most heavily on unskilled and semi-skilled labor whose standard of living, already none too high, is impaired, whose social efficiency is reduced and who are treated as if they should have nothing to say about the most essential conditions of their lives. The management of the industry depends for its authority on ignorance and fear rather than on enlightened public opinion and consent. It is no wonder that its preservation intact demands the denial of freedom of speech and assemblage throughout that part of Pennsylvania dominated by the Steel Corporation and the systematic prevention of organized resistance by the employment in the industry of a network of spies.

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Mr. Harding Digging In

SOONER or later in the life of every President there comes a time when he stands at Armageddon and battles with the Senate to decide which of them must go over Niagara Falls in a barrel.

It is a matter of common notoriety that the stresses and strains of our frame work of government are so distributed as to make inevitable this opposition of forces to determine whether the White House or the Senate shall get the short end of the stick.

In these trials of strength the race is not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong, but, as Hughie Keogh used to say, they are the safest betting propositions.

What I have to report at this juncture, while all is still quiet along the Potomac, is that Mr. Harding has gone into light training. He is conditioning himself against the time when he must wrestle. He is making friends. He is adding to his stock of good-will. He is creating, at least, a local atmosphere and state of mind that will forgive him his mistakes. That is an aid to fortune that helped Mr. Roosevelt in many a hard place. It was a help that Mr. Wilson never had. He, poor man, had to function 100 per cent perfect. As soon as he began to falter the Cambodians were upon him. In the end when he was completely isolated from popular good will and opinion they brought him down. The same thing was done to Mr. Cannon in 1910.

Now I haven't the faintest notion when Mr. Harding will come to a break with the Senate. I only know that virtually every visitor to our beautiful little city asks at once, "When will the collision come?" At least, that has been my experience, and from it I gather that the dear ones at home, especially the sophisticated who know something about Washington, regard the peace and calm and good-will of these days, not as a permanent condition but as a lull before battle. In this they are probably quite right.

That the possibility and probability of such a break lies closely under the surface in many persons' minds is indicated by the speculation that finds its way so easily into print. There is a sharp and immediate quickening of interest every time Mr. Harding says anything, however suave and gentle, about the line of demarcation between legislative and executive functions. Just now Washington is buzzing with gossip and speculation over the President's intimation that he would not relish an expression from Congress suggesting that he call a disarmament conference. He does not want any such proposal tacked on the naval bill. He will probably have his way, but not without a contest.

Again, in his message, Mr. Harding warned Congress that in passing the Knox peace resolution it must not indicate any suggestions to the White House as to treaty making or the terms of our future relations with the Central Powers after peace was made. What is accepted by technicians at Washington and by some men in the Senate as the most probable and imminent cause of a disagreement is the commonly held belief that Mr. Harding and Mr. Hughes believe that some of the frame work of the Versailles Treaty can be used and worked into form suitable for utilization after the Covenant of the League is entirely eliminated. The so-called "irreconcilables" in the Senate, the men who actually defeated the Treaty and the League, are constantly declaring to all who will listen that no shred of the Versailles document will ever have their approval. There is the making of a pretty fight there if Mr. Harding cares to press his point. The White House, I think, will not force an engagement, but on the contrary by every persuasive method will delay any test of strength. The President will offer buttered parsnips as long as there are any takers. But if and when the break does come he will not be in as defenseless a posture as Mr. Wilson found himself when the "irreconcilable" phalanx stood disposed in battle array.

That is really the tale I have to tell, and I take it to be uncommonly fair and open-minded on my part, for I have ventured in these serene precincts to lay eight to five that in any contest between the Senate and the President the Senate would win.

I reaffirm that belief, but it won't be a walk-over for the battalion of death, as they used to call themselves.

Mr. Harding is mobilizing the imponderables on his side. If you are reading Mr. Strachey's admirable papers you will have seen how Prince Albert didn't come into his own until the first baby came. Then Lord Melbourne and Lehzen and the other figures found themselves on the outside looking in almost before they knew what had happened. They had been steam-rolled by an imponderable, which is another way of saying one of the eternal verities. Prince Albert hadn't changed and Lord Melbourne hadn't changed, but simply in the course of normal routine the husband of the Queen had got himself in a tactical position that

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put Lord Melbourne quite out of the picture. And so it may be with Mr. Harding and the Senate.

Day by day Mr. Harding is being bodied forth to the country as a genial, kindly, generous, good hearted, big fellow who loves his fellow man, who loves simple things, who is without austerity or bitterness, who is not cantankerous, who is easy to get along with, as the best friend old Abou Ben Adhem ever had. In point of fact this all may be true. The impression is given out partly naturally and involuntarily by Mr. Harding himself in his daily relations with his visitors and partly by skilled and unostentatious arrangement.

Almost every day delegations come to see the President. Almost every one of them is taken out on the stretch of turf between the south portico and the executive offices, and in front of the latticed enclosures where the White House laundry is hung, and photographed with Mr. Harding. Almost all of these photographs are reproduced in the newspapers. You must have seen many of them. They show Mr. Harding with a kindly smile on his face. He takes a good picture, and his bold features reproduce well in the coarse-screen half-tones that the newspapers use. It is effective publicity and quite legitimate. These reproduced scenes of the chief magistrate among his people gratify a natural craving. The people who are taken with the President and their friends like the pictures. The newspapers print them because they are news and because they interest readers. In this way you may have seen Mr. Harding in the White House garden with printers, golf players, boy scouts, girl scouts, boys who wanted a subscription for a swimming pool, Einstein of relativity fame with his hair every which way—as Senator Spooner's used to stand—and looking as startled as a Thompson's gazelle; in brief, representatives of every type and group of men and women this broad republic can offer.

I do not think Mr. Harding has greatly altered the opinion that was held before of his substance, his qualities and his capacities, but by his kindliness and affability he has notably affected and increased leniency of judgment. I have noticed that people who come in contact with him cease to speak of him or judge him detachedly. They say good-humoredly when his name comes up, "But after all he is a good scout. He wants to do what is right. Give him a chance. He's got a hard job to fill and he is doing his best."

That feeling is a decided and enviable asset for any President to have. It extends to the press. The correspondents still attend in unprecedented numbers Mr. Harding's bi-weekly audiences. They find these meetings useful. They get news. These contacts are reproduced in a thousand places. The President is presented as he presents himself with all his native kindliness and appealing qualities to the fore. These are all factors that will play their due part and have their weight when the conflict comes.

And Mr. Hughes is making war medicine, too, against the time when squalls and tempests invade this peaceful and humid cup in the hills. He is a great surprise to those persons who believed that he was ice-bound eight months in the year. As a matter of record Mr. Hughes is more friendly and flexible and easy in his demeanor than he has ever shown himself before. He will tell the world that he likes his job. He fairly revels in it, and is as enthusiastic as the little boys before Christmas who believe in Santa Claus. His enthusiasm is contagious. It has affected the newspaper correspondents who regularly attend his daily "conferences," as they are called. They did a thing the other day that has never happened before in this town. The usual exchange of questions and answers having come to an end Mr. Hughes left the room and returned to his office. Within a minute or two he came bursting back all aglow and with a paper in his hand. It was a despatch he had found on his desk. It was news; good news, and Mr. Hughes, all bubbling, read it out loud to the assembly.

They cheered him. They actually warmly and spontaneously applauded the performance. It was obviously so unpremeditated, so genuine, and so took them all in as interested participants, so made them a part of the enterprise, that they gave him a hand for his quick recognition of their interest and their point of view.

All I would have anyone gather from this is that when the Senate last contested with the White House for supremacy it had a much stronger antagonist but no popular good-will or favorable public opinion to overcome. Apparently that will not be true when the opposing forces next meet. Mr. Harding will have friends at the ringside and Mr. Hughes will be a better second than Mr. Lansing was to Mr. Wilson. This is not to say, by any means, that the President will win.

Bob Toombs said before the Civil War that we could whip the Yankees with pop-guns. When he was taunted with this after the war he replied, "Well, we could, but the damn rascals wouldn't fight with 'em." So Mr. Harding could out-genial the Senate and in any contest in loving-kindness would be an odds-on favorite, but the Senate always fights under rules that permit gouging and biting. That gives it a certain advantage.

EDWARD G. LOWRY.

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De Gustibus

IT is becoming fashionable to take criticism seriously or, more exactly, serious critics are trying to make it so. How far they have succeeded may be measured by the fact that we are no longer ashamed to reprint our reviews: how far they are justified is another question. It is one the answer to which must depend a good deal on our answer to that old and irritating query—is beauty absolute? For, if the function of a critic be merely to perform the office of a sign-post, pointing out what he personally likes and stimulating for that as much enthusiasm as possible, his task is clearly something less priestlike than it would be if, beauty being absolute, it were his to win for absolute beauty adequate appreciation.

I do not disbelieve in absolute beauty any more than I disbelieve in absolute truth. On the contrary, I gladly suppose that the proposition—this object must be either beautiful or not beautiful—is absolutely true. Only, can we recognize it? Certainly, at moments we believe that we now can. We believe it when we are taken unawares and bowled over by the purely aesthetic qualities of a work of art. The purely aesthetic qualities, I say, because we can be thrown into that extraordinarily lucid and unself-conscious transport wherein we are aware only of a work of art and our reaction to it by aesthetic qualities alone. Every now and then the beauty, the bald miracle, the "significant form"—if I may venture the phrase—of a picture, a poem or a piece of music—of something, perhaps, with which we had long believed ourselves familiar—springs from an unexpected quarter and lays us flat. We were not on the look-out for that sort of thing and we abandon ourselves without one meretricious gesture of welcome. What we feel has nothing to do with a pre-existent mood; we are transported into a world washed clean of all past experience aesthetic or sentimental. When we have picked ourselves up we begin to suppose that such a state of mind, must have been caused by something of which the significance was inherent and the value absolute. "This," we say, "is absolute beauty." Perhaps it is. Only, let us hesitate to give that rather alarming style to anything that has moved us less rapturously or less spontaneously.

For ninety-nine out of a hundred of our aesthetic experiences have been carefully prepared. Art rarely catches us: we go half way to meet it, we hunt it down even with a pack of critics. In our chastest moments we enter a concert-hall or gallery with the deliberate intention of being moved; in our most abandoned we pick up Browning or Alfred de Musset and allow our egotism to bask in their oblique flattery. Now when we come to art with a mood of which we expect it to make something brilliant or touching there can be no question of being possessed by absolute beauty. The emotion that we obtain is thrilling enough, and exquisite may be; but it is self-conscious and reminiscent: it is conditioned. It is conditioned by our mood: what is more—critics please take note—this precedent mood, not only colors and conditions our experience, but draws us inevitably towards those works of art in which it scents sympathy and approval. To a reflective moralist Wordsworth will always mean more than a yellow primrose meant to Peter Bell. In our moments of bitter disillusionment it is such a comfort to jest with Pope and His Lordship that we lose all patience with the advanced politician who prefers Blake. And, behold we are in a world of personal predilections, a thousand miles from absolute values.

Discussion of this question is complicated by the fact that a belief in the absolute nature of beauty is generally considered meritorious. It can be hitched onto, and even made to support, a disbelief in the theory that the universe is a whimsical and unpremeditated adventure which rolls merrily down the road to ruin without knowing in the least where it is going or caring to go anywhere in particular. This theory is unpopular. Wherefore, absolute beauty is too often fitted into a whole system of absolutes, or rather into The Absolute; and of course it would be intolerable to suppose that we could ever fail to recognize—should I say Him? Unluckily, history and personal experience—those two black beasts of a priori idealists—here await us. If beauty be absolute, the past was sometimes insensitive, or we are: for the past failed to recognize the beauty of much that seems to us supremely beautiful, and sincerely admired much that to us seems trash. And we, ourselves, did we never despise what today we adore? Murillo and Salvator Rosa and forgers of works by both enjoyed for years the passionate admiration of the cognoscenti. In Dr. Johnson's time "no composition in our language had been oftener perused than Pomfret's 'Choice.'" If ever there was a man who should have been incapable of going wrong about poetry that man was Thomas Gray. How shall we explain his enthusiasm for Macpherson's fraud? And if there be another of whom the bowling over might be taken as conclusive evidence in the court of literary appeal that other is surely Coleridge. Hark to him: "My earliest acquaintances will not have forgotten the undisciplined eagerness and impetuous zeal, with which I labored to make proselytes, not only of

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my companions, but of all with whom I conversed, of whatever rank, and in whatever place. . . . And with almost equal delight did I receive the three or four following publications of the same author." That author was the Reverend Mr. Bowles.

I was saying that any work of art that has given the authentic thrill to a man of real sensibility must have an absolute and inherent value. And, of course, we all are really sensitive. Only, it is sometimes difficult to be sure that our thrill was the real coup de foudre and not the mere gratification of a personal appetite. Let us admit so much: let us admit that we do sometimes mistake what happens to suit us for what is absolutely and universally good; which once admitted, it will be easy to concede further that no one can hope to recognize all manifestations of beauty. History is adamant against any other conclusion. No one can quite escape his age, his civilization, and his peculiar disposition; from which it seems to follow that not even the unanimous censure of generations can utterly discredit anything. The admission comes in the nick of time: history was on the point of calling attention to the attitude of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries to Gothic, Romanesque and Byzantine art.

The fact is, most of our enthusiasms and antipathies are the bastard offspring of a pure aesthetic sense and a permanent disposition or transitory mood. The best of us start with a temperament and a point of view, the worst with a cut-and-dried theory of life; and for the artist who can flatter and intensify these we have a singular kindness, while to him who appears indifferent or hostile it is hard to be even just. What is more, those who are most sensitive to art are apt to be most sensitive to these wretched, irrelevant implications. They pry so deeply into a work that they cannot help sometimes spying on the author behind it. And remember, though rightly we set high and apart that supreme rapture in which we are carried to a world of impersonal and disinterested admiration, our aesthetic experience would be small indeed were it confined to this. More often than not, it must be of works that have moved him partly by matching a mood that the best of critics writes. More often than not he is disentangling and exhibiting qualities of which all he can truly say is that they have proved comfortable or exhilarating to a particular person at a particular moment. He is dealing with matters of taste; and about tastes, you know, non est disputandum.

I shall not pretend that when I call the poetry of Milton good I suppose my judgment to have no more validity than what may be claimed for that of the urchin who says the same of peppermints: but I do think a critic should cultivate a sense of humor. If he be very sure that his enthusiasm is the only appropriate response of a perfectly disinterested sensibility to absolute beauty, let him be as dogmatic as is compatible with good breeding: failing that, I counsel as great a measure of modesty as may be compatible with the literary character. Let him remember that, as a rule, he is not demanding homage for what he knows to be absolutely good but pointing to what he likes and trying to explain why he likes it. That, to my mind, is the chief function of a critic. An unerring eye for masterpieces is of more use to a dealer than to him. Mistakes do not matter: if we are to call mistakes what are perhaps no more than the records of a perverse or obscure mood. Was it a mistake in 1890 to rave about Wagner? Is it a mistake to find him intolerable now? Frankly, I suspect the man or woman of the nineties who was unmoved by Wagner of having wanted sensibility, and him or her who today revels in that music of being aesthetically oversexed. Be that as it may, never to pretend to like what bores or dislike what pleases him, to be honest in his reactions and exact in their description, is all I ask of a critic. It is asking a good deal it seems to me. To a lady who protested that she knew what she liked, Whistler is said to have replied—"So, Madame, do the beasts of the field." Do they? Then all I can say is, the beasts of the field are more highly developed than most of the ladies and gentlemen who write about art in the papers.

CLIVE BELL.

The God of Supply and Demand

WHEN there was famine in Judea and plenty in Egypt the alternatives were simple. The afflicted people, having offended Jehovah, could repent and die or they could migrate in sin to Egypt and live by the grace of strange gods. How unparadoxical that was! The science of exchange, the ways and means of modern commerce, were then undreamed of. If we had only the gods of Moses and Pharaoh to deal with we should let them worry. Hoover could feed Judea. Our god, whom we name Economics, is not only as capricious as those but infinitely more devious with his chastisements. He can make famine and plenty together, one out of the other, and man's self-saving inventions, such as credit and railroads, are set at naught.

There is a crisis in the south. Its human aspects

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are tragic. Many merchants are ruined. Bankers alternately rage and weep from a sense of utter helplessness. The Negro, who for some reason peculiar to his soul will suffer much before he begs, is heard of begging bread. Behind them,—the merchant, banker and Negro,—lie millions of bales of unsaleable cotton, much of it rotting in the open weather for want of warehouses in which to store it.

"But that's easily accounted for," says the devout economist. "The law of supply and demand is remorseless. There is too much cotton. The south puts its labor and capital into the production of a commodity for which the demand is suddenly much lessened. Your Negro may have a bale of cotton on his front porch and no food in the kitchen. It's sad, to be sure, yet that is as the law works. One cannot eat cotton."

Neither can one eat shoes. Is it an irony of the same law that Negro women in want of food may be seen walking the dirt roads in fancy, high-heeled shoes? How shall this incongruous fact be explained?

"By the same law," says the devout economist. "For several years there was a scarcity of cotton. It brought a fabulous price because the demand exceeded the supply. Farm wages went from 75 cents to $2.50 a day. Never had the south been so rich before. The Negro woman could buy Fifth Avenue shoes."

So one is to see that extravagance is a product of scarcity and want is a consequence of plenty. Scarcity and plenty of what? Of cotton, an imperishable staple, one of the basic forms of wealth, the demand for which over a period of years, over any period of five years, equals the utmost production.

But while there is want in the south because people have produced a surplus of cotton which they cannot eat there is at the same time a surplus of food in the west,—great quantities of unsaleable grain. Surplus grain is the most immemorial and precious kind of wealth, without which no other kind of wealth may be created at all; yet the people who have produced this grain are for that reason poor. They cannot exchange it freely for the textiles, tools, shoes and manufactured goods they want in place of it. There it lies on their hands, worth less than it cost, because there is plenty.

In New England, textile mills and shoe factories are idle, in the Pittsburg region, steel plants are going at half speed, throughout the country there is a curtailment of manufacturing, yet mill capacity is the essential term of industrial wealth, and the potential demand at some price for fabricated commodities is greater than ever the supply was. In consequence of this disuse of mill capacity several millions of industrial workers are unemployed. Their buying power tends to become nil. Human labor is not a form of wealth. It is the thing itself, the vital principle; and there it sits on the porch as helpless as a bale of cotton. Again the law of supply and demand. The use of labor is unlimited. The first problem of the world is to find labor enough to do the things it means to do. Why has the demand failed?

If you ask why millions are unemployed the answer is: Because the mills are idle. If you ask why the mills are idle the answer is: Because there is no demand for goods. Why is there no demand for goods? Answer: Because for one reason so many are unemployed. For what other reason? Answer: Because there has been great over-production. Why does over-production entail want, loss and human distress? Answer: Because it offends the law of supply and demand.

At this point there seems much to be said for the old superstitions: that famine was a visitation upon sin, that people sinned because they were weak and wicked, and they were weak and wicked because God for inscrutable reasons made them so.

Nevertheless it is true. Over-production does produce these effects. When the agriculturist has created a surplus of basic wealth which he either cannot sell at all or is obliged to sell at a loss his buying power is temporarily ruined, since he must be able to sell at a profit in order to buy. The agriculturist's plight reacts upon industry. Mills are shut up and labor is disemployed. As the buying power of labor is impaired the demand for the products of agriculture is further reduced. The general interchange of commodities is adversely affected and now the railroads report a slump in traffic. More labor is disemployed, and the requirements of the railroads for coal, steel and all manner of materials are cut down. Where will this chain of action and reaction end? Ultimately, says the priestcraft, the law of supply and demand will reassert itself. That is to say, the god we name Economics will either relent, having his jest out, or, growing weary of it, fall asleep. Then common sense may return on earth.

The function of money is to enable the owner of wealth in one form to convert it at will into any other form.

The function of credit is to store surplus wealth, as water is stored in a reservoir, or electric current in a battery, to be drawn upon as the need is.

The joint function of money and credit together is to insure a rapid and continuous exchange of wealth, keep it flowing simultaneously in all directions at a uniform pressure, as water in a system

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of supply pipes. Yet here is a situation in which surplus wealth in the form of cotton, grain and manufactures cannot be either converted or stored; and what Simon Newcomb called societary circulation is madly deranged.

"You speak of the discrepancies," says the devout economist. "Demand will sometimes exceed supply and supply will sometimes over-reach demand, but the law if left to itself will in time correct all mistakes. In the average, supply and demand must balance. People offend the law and suffer for it. That is their fault."

Well, imagine men planning a municipal water supply system in this manner: There are one thousand houses. Each house averages to use 24 gallons of water a day. That is 24,000 gallons. Therefore we need pipes to connect one thousand houses with a main and then a pump that will deliver water into the main at the rate of one thousand gallons an hour. There are 24 hours in the day and $1{,}000 \times 24 = 24{,}000$. Someone says: "Yes, but people do not use water continuously at the same rate. They use more in the daytime than at night, and more on Monday than other days, since that is Washday. When they want more than 24 gallons an hour each, your main will run dry, and when they take less, either your pump will stop or the main will burst. What you need is a reservoir which will take the supply when the need is less and give it back when the use is more, thereby keeping a constant circulation at uniform pressure." And fancy the engineers saying: "If the average is right a reservoir is an unnecessary expense. People must learn the law of supply and demand and govern themselves accordingly."

The problem of societary circulation of wealth is almost as simple as that. It is improbable that we should ever be able, working continuously, to grow more cotton and grain, raise more coal and ore, roll more standard steel shapes, than we should presently want, and if we did and stored them intelligently it would be a very happy situation, for then human labor might be turned from drudgery to higher use. But what we see is that when the production of wealth temporarily passes the immediate demand the system of exchange breaks down, and there is great waste of both materials and labor. Only in degree may the existing crisis be related to the war. Alternations of acute scarcity and ruinous over-production are as familiar as the seasons. A surplus of cotton in the south or a surplus of grain in the west, a national blessing in fact, becomes a local calamity.

We are a nation without a barn. We draw from a high pressure wealth main and have no reservoir. After a time of scarcity there comes a time such as now when our wealth overflows the bushel basket, the freight car, the cellar bin and the merchant's shelf. Then the work of creating wealth is checked, nobody knows what anything is worth and everybody is anxious to sell what he has before prices go lower. Yet this is an opportunity to forestall the future. There are now materials and labor to spare for the work of building great barns and reservoirs where surplus wealth may be stored and rationally valued. The south cannot get its cotton indoors for want of warehouses. The west needs granaries for storing surplus grain at low cost for indeterminate periods. Why not build them? The railroads are five years behind in up-keep. Highways are in disrepair and there is urgent need of new ones. Idle labor utilized to these ends would be surplus labor stored in the same sense as cotton in warehouses and grain in elevators. And as soon as these things began to be done the normal flow of commodities would be resumed.

Such work cannot be financed, you say. There is not the credit. If that were the reason, then credit would have to be adjudged utterly bankrupt in its own function. However, that is not the reason. If the nation were suddenly plunged into war again, tomorrow, our problem would be not how to find credit but how instantly to increase production enormously, and it would be done.

No. The inhibiting reason is that wealth, like poverty, is personal. There is no collective sense of it whatever. There is no national god of economics. The one we worship is a private god, dispensing private profit. Its most sacred saying is that you can no more control supply and demand than you can make water run uphill. This is nonsense. Business is continually creating demand where before there was none, and there was no science of hydraulics until men were resolved to make water run uphill.

GARET GARRETT.

The Discoverer

Youth is crying in the streets,
Crying to the crowds he meets:

None has ever loved as he,
Flamed or won so gloriously!

None so laughed at prison bars,
Stormed the sun and spilled the stars!

Not a gray soul of them knows
How a heaven buds and grows!

Youth is crying in the streets
To the quiet folk he meets.

M. E. CROCKER.

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Disraeli and Queen Victoria (I)

[This is the eighth of a series of eleven articles, taken from Lytton Strachey's Life of Queen Victoria, which are now appearing in the New Republic.]

THE outburst of republicanism had been the last flicker of an expiring cause. The liberal tide, which had been flowing steadily ever since the Reform bill, reached its height with Mr. Gladstone's first administration; and towards the end of that administration the inevitable ebb began. The reaction, when it came, was sudden and complete. The General Election of 1874 changed the whole face of politics. Mr. Gladstone and the Liberals were routed; and the Tory party, for the first time for over forty years, attained an unquestioned supremacy in England. It was obvious that their surprising triumph was preeminently due to the skill and vigor of Disraeli. He returned to office, no longer the dubious commander of an insufficient host, but with drums beating and flags flying, a conquering hero. And as a conquering hero Victoria welcomed her new Prime Minister.

Then there followed six years of excitement, of enchantment, of felicity, of glory, of romance. The amazing being, who now at last, at the age of seventy, after a lifetime of extraordinary struggles, had turned into reality the absurdest of his boyhood's dreams, knew well enough how to make his own, with absolute completeness, the heart of the Sovereign Lady whose servant, and whose master, he had so miraculously become. In women's hearts he had always read as in an open book. His whole career had turned upon those curious entities; and the more curious they were, the more intimately at home with them he seemed to be. But Lady Beaconsfield, with her cracked idolatry, and Mrs. Brydges-Williams, with her clogs, her corpulence, and her legacy, were gone; an even more remarkable phenomenon stood in their place. He surveyed what was before him with the eye of a past-master; and he was not for a moment at a loss. He realized everything—the interacting complexities of circumstance and character, the pride of place mingled so inextricably with personal arrogance, the superabundant emotionalism, the ingenuousness of outlook, the solid, the laborious respectability, shot through so incongruously by temperamental cravings for the colored and the strange, the singular intellectual limitations, and the mysteriously essential female element impregnating every particle of the whole.

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A smile hovered over his impassive features, and he dubbed Victoria "the Faery." The name delighted him, for, with that epigrammatic ambiguity so dear to his heart, it precisely expressed his vision of the Queen. The Spenserian allusion was very pleasant—the elegant evocation of Gloriana; but there was more in it than that: there was the suggestion of a diminutive creature, endowed with magical—and mythical—properties, and a portentousness almost ridiculously out of keeping with the rest of her make-up. The Faery, he determined, should henceforward wave her wand for him alone. Detachment is always a rare quality, and rarest of all, perhaps, among politicians; but that veteran egotist possessed it in a supreme degree. Not only did he know what he had to do, not only did he do it; he was in the audience as well as on the stage; and he took in with the rich relish of a connoisseur every feature of the entertaining situation, every phase of the delicate drama, and every detail of his own consummate performance.

The smile hovered and vanished, and, bowing low with oriental gravity and oriental submissiveness, he set himself to his task. He had understood from the first that in dealing with the Faery the appropriate method of approach was the very antithesis of the Gladstonian. And such a method was naturally his. It was not his habit to harangue and exhort and expatiate in official conscientiousness; he liked to scatter flowers along the path of business, to compress a weighty argument into a happy phrase, to insinuate what was in his mind with an air of friendship and confidential courtesy. He was nothing if not personal; and he had perceived that personality was the key that opened the Faery's heart. Accordingly he never for a moment allowed his intercourse with her to lose the personal tone; he invested all the transactions of state with the charms of familiar conversation; she was always the royal lady, the adored and revered mistress, he the devoted and respectful friend. When once the personal relation was firmly established, every difficulty disappeared. But to maintain that relation uninterruptedly in a smooth and even course, a particular care was necessary: the bearings had to be most assiduously oiled. Nor was Disraeli in any doubt as to the nature of the lubricant. "You have heard me called a flatterer," he said to Matthew Arnold, "and it is true. Everyone likes flattery; and, when you come to royalty, you should lay it on with a trowel." He practised what he preached. His adulation was incessant,

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and he applied it in the very thickest slabs. "There is no honor and no reward," he declared, "that with him can ever equal the possession of your Majesty's kind thoughts. All his own thoughts and feelings and duties and affections are now concentrated in your Majesty, and he desires nothing more for his remaining years than to serve your Majesty or, if that service ceases, to live still on its memory as a period of his existence most interesting and fascinating."

"In life," he told her, "one must have for one's thoughts a sacred depository, and Lord Beaconsfield ever presumes to seek that in his Sovereign Mistress." She was not only his own solitary support; she was the one prop of the state. "If your Majesty is ill," he wrote during a grave political crisis, "he is sure he will himself break down. All, really, depends upon your Majesty." "He lives only for Her," he asseverated, and works only for Her, and without Her, all is lost. When her birthday came, he produced an elaborate confection of hyperbolic compliment. "Today Lord Beaconsfield ought fitly, perhaps, to congratulate a powerful Sovereign on her imperial sway, the vastness of her Empire, and the success and strength of her fleets and armies. But he cannot, his mind is in another mood. He can only think of the strangeness of his destiny, that it has come to pass, that he should be the servant of one so great, and whose infinite kindness, the brightness of whose intelligence and the firmness of whose will, have enabled him to undertake labors, to which he otherwise would be quite unequal, and supported him in all things by a condescending sympathy, which in the hour of difficulty alike charms and inspires. Upon the Sovereign of many lands and many hearts, may an omnipotent Providence shed every blessing that the wise can desire, and the virtuous deserve!"

In those expert hands, the trowel seemed to assume the qualities of some lofty masonic symbol —to be the ornate and glittering vehicle of verities unrealized by the profane.

Such tributes were delightful, but they remained in the nebulous region of words; and Disraeli had determined to give his blandishments a more significant solidity. He deliberately encouraged those high views of her own position which had always been native to Victoria's mind and had been reinforced by the principles of Albert and the doctrines of Stockmar. He professed to a belief in a theory of the Constitution which gave the Sovereign a leading place in the councils of government; but his pronouncements upon the subject were indistinct; and when he emphatically declared that there ought to be a "real Throne," it was probably with the mental addition that that throne would be a very unreal one indeed whose occupant was unamenable to his cajoleries. But the vagueness of his language was in itself an added stimulant to Victoria. Skilfully confusing the woman and the Queen, he threw, with a grandiose gesture, the government of England at her feet, as if in doing so he were performing an act of personal homage. In his first audience after returning to power he assured her that "whatever she wished should be done."

When the intricate Public Worship Regulation bill was being discussed by the Cabinet, he told the Faery that his "only object" was "to further your Majesty's wishes in this matter." When he brought off his great coup over the Suez Canal, he used expressions which implied that the only gainer by the transaction was Victoria. "It is just settled," he wrote in triumph; "you have it, Madam. . . . Four millions sterling! and almost immediately. There was only one firm that could do it—Rothschilds. They behaved admirably; advanced the money at a low rate, and the entire interest of the Khedive is now yours, Madam." Nor did he limit himself to highly spiced insinuations. Writing with all the authority of his office, he advised the Queen that she had the constitutional right to dismiss a Ministry which was supported by a large majority in the House of Commons; he even urged her to do so, if, in her opinion, "your Majesty's government have from wilfulness, or even from weakness, deceived your Majesty." To the horror of Mr. Gladstone, he not only kept the Queen informed as to the general course of business in the Cabinet, but revealed to her the part taken in its discussions by individual members of it. Lord Derby, the son of the late Prime Minister, and Disraeli's Foreign Secretary, viewed these developments with grave mistrust. "Is there not," he ventured to write to his Chief, "just a risk of encouraging her in too large ideas of her personal power, and too great indifference to what the public expects? I only ask; it is for you to judge."

As for Victoria, she accepted everything—compliments, flatteries, Elizabethan prerogatives—without a single qualm. After the long gloom of her bereavement, after the chill of the Gladstonian discipline, she expanded to the rays of Disraeli's devotion like a flower in the sun. The change in her situation was indeed miraculous. No longer was she obliged to puzzle for hours over the complicated details of business, for now she had only to ask Mr. Disraeli for an explanation, and he would give it to her in the most concise, in the most amusing way. No longer was she worried by alarming novelties; no longer was she put out at finding herself treated, by a reverential gentle-

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man in high collars, as if she were some embodied precedent, with a recondite knowledge of Greek. And her deliverer was surely the most fascinating of men. The strain of charlatanism, which had unconsciously captivated her in Napoleon III, exercised the same enchanting effect in the case of Disraeli. Like a dram-drinker, whose ordinary life is passed in dull sobriety, her unsophisticated intelligence gulped down his rococo allurements with peculiar zest. She became intoxicated, entranced. Believing all that he told her of herself, she completely regained the self-confidence which had been slipping away from her throughout the dark period that followed Albert's death. She swelled with a new elation, while he, conjuring up before her wonderful oriental visions, dazzled her eyes with an imperial grandeur of which she had only dimly dreamed. Under the compelling influence, her very demeanor altered. Her short, stout figure, with its folds of black velvet, its muslin streamers, its heavy pearls at the heavy neck, assumed an almost menacing air. In her countenance, from which the charm of youth had long since vanished, and which had not yet been softened by age, the traces of grief, of disappointment, and of displeasure were still visible, but they were overlaid by looks of arrogance and sharp lines of peremptory hauteur. Only, when Mr. Disraeli appeared, the expression changed in an instant, and the forbidding visage became charged with smiles. For him, she would do anything. Yielding to his encouragements, she began to emerge from her seclusion; she appeared in London in semi-state, at hospitals and concerts; she opened Parliament; she reviewed troops and distributed medals at Aldershot. But such public signs of favor were trivial in comparison with her private attentions. During his hours of audience, she could hardly restrain her excitement and delight. "I can only describe my reception," he wrote to a friend on one occasion, "by telling you that I really thought she was going to embrace me. She was wreathed with smiles, and as she tattled, glided about the room like a bird." In his absence, she talked of him perpetually, and there was a note of unusual vehemence in her solicitude for his health. "John Manners," Disraeli told Lady Bradford, "who has just come from Osborne, says that the Faery only talked of one subject, and that was her Primo. According to him, it was her gracious opinion that the Government should make my health a Cabinet question. Dear John seemed quite surprised at what she said; but you are more used to these ebullitions." She often sent him presents; an illustrated album arrived for him regularly from Windsor on Christmas Day. But her most valued gifts were the bunches of spring flowers, which, gathered by herself and her ladies in the woods at Osborne, marked in an especial manner the warmth and tenderness of her sentiments. Among these, it was, he declared, the primroses that he loved the best. They were, he said, "the ambassadors of Spring," "the gems and jewels of nature." He liked them, he assured her, "so much better for their being wild; they seem an offering from the Fauns and Dryads of Osborne." "They show," he told her, "that your Majesty's sceptre has touched the enchanted Isle." He sat at dinner with heaped up bowls of them on every side, and told his guests that "they were all sent to me this morning by the Queen from Osborne, as she knows it is my favorite flower."

LYTTON STRACHEY.

(*To be continued.*)

A Cheerful Giver

ALEXIS SMYTHE is the one happy man whom I know. You too may know a happy man, for Smythe is recognizable even to the passing stranger by the radiant, unhurried, unworried face which shines out from the crowd like a star breaking through a cloud bank. On the very face of him, Smythe has garnered the joy predicted by the prophets for those who, lending their lives, have received them back with interest. A sight of Smythe's face is enough to digest your dinner, even on the day the bills come in. You can't afford to miss Smythe.

I myself found Smythe in this informal way, and I date the New Era from that day. It was the second winter after the signing of the armistice. My landlord had notified me that my rent was raised from $37 a month to $73. The biennial coal famine was on and I had come, somewhat disheveled, from a consultation with my coal dealer concerning the additional fortune demanded for the balance of my winter's warmth. I had just been charged twenty cents for a pair of shoestrings and was taking, in general, a rather sober view of life and victory that afternoon. In such a mood, marching down Main Street, I descried Smythe.

He was as unprepossessingly upholstered a man as the street could show. His head was crowned by an aged hat. His coat and trousers were screened by a raincoat of a style and degree which retailed for $15 in 1911, the year of purchase. Shreds of an exhausted lining hung from its base line to his heels. His heels themselves needed the kind of reconstruction which was just then coming

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to cost fifty cents in place of the time-honored quarter.

But dear me, you couldn't keep your mind on that man's clothes. The unworldly expression of his face held you from the moment you saw it. He was standing at the curb regarding with an expression of perfect rapture one of the finest of the fine limousines which packed the curb line from Tenth Street to Thirteenth. From time to time he glanced into the rushing crowd behind him as if appealing for sympathy and companionship in his enjoyment. As I drew near, his eye caught mine and unceremoniously he grasped my arm.

"Friend," he said, "be pleased to notice this example of the automobile maker's art. Did you ever behold anything more beautiful, more glorious?"

It was truly a fine car, of good architecture, luxuriously padded, and big enough to hold a house party. I fell to calculating, in the self-pitying way I was addicted to, how far my means would come from keeping that machine in gasoline, even supposing some rich uncle presented me with the car and endowed it forever with tires, oil and repairs. My own overcoat was as much as three years the junior of this stranger's and his next remark naturally surprised me.

"I have paid for many another automobile," he said, "but this one beats them all."

An impressive gentleman in shining shoes,—they even outshone the knees of my new friend's trousers,—entered the car at this moment, applied his toe imperiously to the starter switch and backed away. Seeing my neighbor at the curb he gave him a gracious nod, threw the car into forward gear and was gone like a flash.

"Is he stealing your car, or are you lending it to him?" I asked in some excitement.

As I have already intimated that this was Smythe I will now call him that, though I did not learn his name until some time after. Smythe said:

"Bless you, it wasn't my car. I didn't say it was. I only said I paid for it and that I had never paid for a better one. And say, wasn't that a getaway for you? I tell you, it's well worth an attack of appendicitis to see that car move and to imagine the pleasure it gives its owner."

By a little more conversation I solved the mystery. Smythe had lately parted with his appendix. This was the new car Smythe's appendicitis had paid for. Smythe's enthusiasm was merely the glow from a generous deed done. He had enriched and happified a fellow mortal and his heart was singing with the joy of it.

Being generally on Main Street just after 5 P. M. I saw Smythe often after this. Pretty nearly every time he was radiant with some new rapture. That period of maximum prices presented, as Smythe exultantly reminded me, exceptional opportunities for such gladness as his. Never had there been such chances to bestow prosperity on his fellow men. He had lately built a small house for himself, for instance, under pressure of the building shortage. The winter in California which that gave Smythe's lumberman was the happiest of Smythe's life, he told me.

"You can do it now without pauperizing them," he said. The hitherto insoluble problem of the philanthropist, he reminded me, has been to help his fellows without degrading them, as alms are sure to do. This difficulty is now overcome by the simple device of paying fees or prices instead of giving gifts. "The very bread I now eat," he told me with a glad smile, "is made sweet by a consciousness of the beautiful mansions which I am building for the millers and bakers in the bon ton section of the city." He chuckled with special glee over the Fords he had helped the farmers to buy in that period of $2.50 wheat.

I was disturbed one day on Main street at seeing Smythe eyeing a handsomely robed lady more adoringly and at greater length than seemed right or safe. His eye, when I caught it, met mine with no guilty flinch. "Who has a better right than I to admire the furs myself bought?" he demanded.

"But that isn't your wife," I gasped.

He laughed his happy laugh and told me brazenly that he regularly bought fine raiment for dozens of other men's wives. "That was my dentist's wife," he said. "Since the dentists caught the modern spirit I am able to give a sealskin such as that for a single set of false teeth." And to prove his case he displayed an upper and a lower set on the palm of his hand. Afterward he showed me the cottage which Mrs. Smythe's appendix and little Willie Smythe's adenoids had bought. "I won't attempt to show you," he said modestly, "all of the many happy homes I have thus endowed in this city."

Charmed by his cheerfulness, in time I found myself leaning on Smythe in my hours of weakness and despair. In spite of his joyous example I had difficulty in giving thanks when gasoline rose to forty cents. "The trouble with you," Smythe said, "is that you think of yourself as a consumer. I used to do that, and it kept me as sad faced as these other folks you see on the street. Now there is no hope in life for a consumer and probably never will be. Nobody loves the ultimate con-

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sumer. He is just a pocket to be picked. Ask Congress to save you money and you get the frozen face. Ask Congress to give you money, and the chances are you are hailed as a captain of finance. Seeing this, I flatly quit being a consumer. I resolved to be a philanthropist instead. I had heard that the Lord loveth a cheerful giver, and I resolved to test it out. As you see, it worked."

"What you should do," Smythe went on, "is not to think of forty cents for gasoline, but forty cents for Mr. Rockefeller. That makes all the difference between a bow-backed peon and an empedestaled philanthropist."

Tonight I am invited over to Smythe's for a celebration. Smythe was almost delirious when I met him on Main street this afternoon. He had just got the news from Washington that tariff revision upward is to have the right of way over all other business in the new Congress.

"It's a godsend," Smythe said, and I noticed that he was wearing one of the new spring hats. "At the rate prices have been falling," he continued, "I should ultimately have backslidden into a new pair of shoes at cost. The situation was getting desperate. But now," he smiled, "all that foolishness is to be stopped. I really have hopes that if Penrose and Fordney are given a free hand I shall soon have greater opportunities for cheerful giving than ever before in my life, even than during the war. Oh, I am so happy!"

Even yet I am unable to be as happy as Symthe. But I am going over to the celebration. It will at least take my mind off it.

WALTER LOCKE.

A COMMUNICATION

Peter Robbed; Paul Unpaid

LET it be assumed—for full measure—that the great war, during the entire term of its continuance, was as much our war as the war of our associates; that it was in no degree a war deriving from diplomatic intrigues, balances of power, imperialisms, trade rivalries, colony grabbings, or if, on the part of any of our associates, it were any of these, equally was it so on our own part. Assume also that each of our associates has done its due share with us toward closing this war—entered by us for the ending of war—in a peace appropriate to something else than the ending of peace. Assume that we were neither hoodwinked as to the purposes of the war nor wholesalely deluded in its treaty close. Assume that we got something of particular gain for ourselves out of it—though asking nothing. Assume that an outcome, even more stupid and more tragic than the present chaos of war, pestilence and starvation, could have attended and followed a victory for the Hun. Assume again that the blockades, the monetary inflations, the continued wars, the fiscal insolvencies, and the pestilences, are the product of something other than the plundering and blundering of imperialistic-diplomatic strategy and conspiracy. Assume further that in declining to cancel our claims for war advances we are not merely holding fast to demands that are hopeless of payment, but that also, through cancellation, we might buy peace for Europe in place of an accrued and accruing limitless woe. And therewith assume whatever else may be to the purpose, either of the demonstrably untrue or of the entirely incredible. And admit freely in addition that the situation in England is exceedingly difficult, in France and Italy, well-nigh hopeless, in the rest of war-wrung Europe, catastrophic. On what terms, then—if at all—shall this clearance of debts be granted?

It still stands as true that fiscal insolvency faces these Entente governments in any case—beyond any help or harm that depends on our few billions of claims. But fiscal insolvency is one thing—national insolvency another. No public debt, domestically held, is either national poverty or national wealth, but only a distributive datum,—credits to some with correlative debits against others, an allotment of priorities in the future national income—mass poverty solely in the degree that it is class wealth. It is clear also that in the present suffering of Europe our claims can have no part—no current payments being asked or offered.

Take it for the moment that our Treasury holdings of Entente obligations are just stamped "paid" and returned—this at its simplest, and nothing further: Whose is the gift? And to the advantage of whom? Those questions deserve some examination.

No one thus far has suggested—or is likely to suggest—that any private holder of any kind of obligation at the charge of the American taxpayer shall release his claim. Cancellation of the Entente debts will cancel no dollar of Liberty or Victory bonds. Why, indeed, should any American investor cancel—irrespective of the beneficiary of the cancellation? The bonds were purchased in due course of business out of private resources. The taxpaying public is intended—and intends—to pay them in full. The gift, if made, will be a taxpayer's gift—will it not?—there being so much the *more* left for him to turn in as taxes, as the European taxpayer has *less*.

But hold. There is a fallacy. We are deluding ourselves with these mathematical simplicities. The *more* is here plainly enough; but there is no offsetting *less*. The fiscal insolvencies mean that the government liabilities outrun the possibilities of tax collection—more promised to the creditors than the debtors can be prevailed on to provide—the taxes to be collected for the creditor class greater than the possible collections from the debtors. If, then, we cannot collect, why not cancel? So be it; only that to the extent of our minor claims we can collect, if the others do not, or have

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to wait; and that to the extent that we do not, they may —in some small part. Perhaps, therefore all of these claims would better be cancelled—those of the Entente bondholders together with our own—if any are to be cancelled. And we incline to hold that if only a part are to be forgiven, this part be not our part. Why do not France and Italy and perhaps England,—insolvent also?—offer each a cancellation of its domestically held debt, to go generously with the generous cancellation of our own, that—as we now recall—has the admitted priority. If ours may be worth nothing, or anything short of par, theirs are in still worse case. Why shall it be for our taxpayers, as senior claimants, rather than for the postponed and junior bond owners of France or England or Italy, to be free-handed toward Entente taxpayers? Or is this honor to be exclusively for us, in order that, bearing real gifts, our praise shall be undimmed through the competition of empty hands?

But precisely here is the rub. There is, to be sure, no thought of any other cancellation. If only we will cancel our bonds, these other holders will come into the hope of collecting some small fraction of theirs. But there will be nothing in it for them, if they are to cancel along with us—nor anything in it for the Entente taxpayers if we cancel alone. No taxpayer welfare in Europe complicates the plan. It has not even the vicarious generosity of the "Let-George-do-it" principle. If we are to stick, the Entente bondholder might as well withdraw. The essential of the plan is that we withdraw so that he stick. That is what he asks of us—of us, that is, as taxpayers at home. The Entente taxpayer asks nothing—having nothing at stake, and certain in any contingency to pay whatever last farthing or centime he can.

Thus the proposition grows the more interesting—though perhaps not the more attractive—as its meanings become clearer.

Cancellation will be no more a gift by the wealth of America than a gift to the poverty of the Entente. The gift will be our taxpayers' gift. And it will be a gift by them not to the taxpayers of the Entente countries but to the Entente bondholders. The proposal is simply an impudent, plausible, preposterous flim-flam. The indigent English investor, for example, affectingly concerned lest interest on his consols may some day fall into default, would be easier in his mind with two publics instead of one to guarantee him. Cynicism is flying a kite to American idealism, with an insult to American intelligence as its tail. Cancellation under proper conditions America might easily accord—and wisely. But cancellation under such conditions would be declined—precipitately and without thanks. Why not, however, make the offer? It would be a superb gesture—at no cost. And at the least it would serve to make clear the purposes of the European directorates by whose guidance Europe is being tobogganed into chaos.

H. J. Davenport.

Ithaca, New York.

I KNOW ALL THIS WHEN GIPSY FIDDLES CRY

By VACHEL LINDSAY

Oh, gipsies, proud and stiff-necked and perverse,
Saying: "We tell the fortunes of the nations,
And revel in the deep palm of the world.
The head-line is the road we choose for trade.
The love-line is the lane wherein we camp.
The life-line is the road we wander on.
Mount Venus, Jupiter, and all the rest
Are finger-tips of ranges clasping round
And holding up the Romany's wide sky."

Oh, gipsies, proud and stiff-necked and perverse,
Saying: "We will swap horses till the doom,
And mend the pots and kettles of mankind,
And lend our sons to big-time vaudeville,
Or to the race-track, or the learned world.
But India's Brahma waits within their breasts.
They will return to us with gipsy grins,
And chatter Romany, and shake their curls
And hug the dirtiest babies in the camp.
They will return to the moving pillar of smoke,
The whitest toothed, the merriest laughers known,
The blackest haired of all the tribes of men.
What trap can hold such cats? The Romany
Has crossed such delicate palms with lead or gold,
Wheedling in sun and rain, through perilous years,
All coins now look alike. The palm is all.
Our greasy pack of cards is still the book
Most read of men. The heart's librarians,
We tell all lovers what they want to know.
So, out of the famed Chicago Library,
Out of the great Chicago orchestras,
Out of the skyscraper, the Fine Arts Building,
Our sons will come with fiddles and with loot,
Dressed, as of old, like turkey-cocks and zebras,
Like tiger-lilies and chameleons,
Go west with us to California,
Telling the fortunes of the bleeding world,
And kiss the sunset, ere their day is done."

Oh, gipsies, proud and stiff-necked and perverse,
Picking the brains and pockets of mankind,
You will go westward for one half hour yet.
You will turn eastward in a little while.
You will go back, as men turn to Kentucky,
Land of their fathers, dark and bloody ground.
When all the Jews go home to Syria,
When Chinese cooks go back to Canton, China,
When Japanese photographers return

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With their black cameras to Tokio,
And Irish patriots to Donegal,
And Scotch accountants back to Edinburgh,
You will go back to India, whence you came.
When you have reached the borders of your quest,
Homesick at last, by many a devious way,
Winding the wonderlands circuitous,
By foot and horse will trace the long way back!
Fiddling for ocean liners, while the dance
Sweeps through the decks, your brown tribes all will go!
Those east-bound ships will hear your long farewell
On fiddle, piccolo, and flute and timbrel.
I know all this, when gipsy fiddles cry.

That hour of their homesickness, I myself
Will turn, will say farewell to Illinois,
To old Kentucky and Virginia,
And go with them to India, whence they came.
For they have heard a singing from the Ganges,
And cries of orioles,—from the temple caves,—
And Bengal's oldest, humblest villages.
They smell the supper smokes of Amritsar.
Green monkeys cry in Sanskrit to their souls
From lofty bamboo trees of hot Madras.
They think of towns to ease their feverish eyes,
And make them stand and meditate forever,
Domes of astonishment, to heal the mind.
I know all this, when gipsy fiddles cry.

What music will be blended with the wind
When gipsy fiddlers, nearing that old land,
Bring tunes from all the world to Brahma's house?
Passing the Indus, winding poisonous forests,
Blowing soft flutes at scandalous temple girls,
Filling the highways with their magpie loot,
What brass from my Chicago will they heap,
What gems from Walla Walla, Omaha,
Will they pile near the Bohdi Tree, and laugh?

They will dance near such temples as best suit them,
Though they will not quite enter, or adore,
Looking on roofs, as poets look on lilies,
Looking at towers, as boys at forest vines,
That leap to tree-tops through the dizzy air.
I know all this, when gipsy fiddles cry.

And with the gipsies there will be a king
And a thousand desperadoes just his style,
With all their rags dyed in the blood of roses,
Splashed with the blood of angels, and of demons.
And he will boss them with an awful voice.
And with a red whip he will beat his wife.
He will be wicked on that sacred shore,
And rattle cruel spurs against the rocks,
And shake Calcutta's walls with circus bugles.
He will kill Brahmins there, in Kali's name,
And please the thugs, and blood-drunk of the earth.
I know all this, when gipsy fiddles cry.

Oh sweating thieves, and hard-boiled scalawags,
That still will boast your pride until the doom,
Smashing every caste rule of the world,
Reaching at last your Hindu goal to smash
The caste rules of old India, and shout:
"Down with the Brahmins, let the Romany reign."

When gipsy girls look deep within my hand
They always speak so tenderly and say
That I am one of those star-crossed to wed
A princess in a forest fairy-tale.
So there will be a tender gipsy princess,
My Juliet, shining through this clan.
And I would sing you of her beauty now.
And I will fight with knives the gipsy man
Who tries to steal her wild young heart away.
And I will kiss her in the waterfalls,
And at the rainbow's end, and in the incense
That curls about the feet of sleeping gods,
And sing with her in canebrakes and in ricefields,
In Romany, eternal Romany.
We will sow secret herbs, and plant old roses,
And fumble through dark snaky palaces,
Stable our ponies in the Taj Mahal,
And sleep out-doors ourselves.
In her strange fairy mill-wheel eyes will wait
All windings and unwindings of the highways,
From India, across America,—
All windings and unwindings of my fancy,
All windings and unwindings of all souls,
All windings and unwindings of the heavens.
I know all this, when gipsy fiddles cry.

We gipsies, proud and stiffnecked and perverse,
Standing upon the white Himalayas,
Will think of far divine Yosemite.
We will heal Hindu hermits there with oil
Brought from California's tall sequoias.
And we will be like gods that heap the thunders,
And start young redwood trees on Time's own mountains.
We will swap horses with the rising moon,
And mend that funny skillet called Orion,
Color the stars like San Francisco's street-lights,
And paint our sign and signature on high
In planets like a bed of crimson pansies;
While a million fiddles shake all listening hearts,
Crying good fortune to the Universe,
Whispering adventure to the Ganges waves,
And to the spirits, and all winds and gods.
Till mighty Brahma puts his golden palm
Within the gipsy king's great striped tent,
And asks his fortune told by that great love-line
That winds across his palm in splendid flame.

Only the hearthstone of old India
Will end the endless march of gipsy feet.
I will go back to India with them
When they go back to India whence they came.
I know all this, when gipsy fiddles cry.

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CORRESPONDENCE

The Democrats and the Treaty

SIR: "No matter what else may be said of the campaign of 1920, this always must be said—the Democratic party did not dip the flag," declared Homer S. Cummings in his recent Pittsburgh address. The Democratic party, according to its former national chairman, is "serene in the knowledge that it will be asked again to take the management of the great affairs of our country."

It is depressing to read such optimistic statements, particularly at a time when the only hope for the future lies in realizing how deplorable is the condition in which the world, the Democratic party included, at present finds itself. The Democratic party dipped the flag the minute it accepted the Versailles Treaty and the Democratic party will never raise the flag until it demands the Treaty's revision.

The Democratic party has a great opportunity since it is apparently vain to expect a real peace from the Harding-Hughes policy. The reason is that the Republican party, after all is said, is not opposed to the terms of the Versailles Treaty. Even the irreconcilable Senator Knox, who said the peace was "harsh and cruel," immediately added that he had "no objection to its being so." Bitter as was Republican opposition in the Senate to the Treaty, it was mild in comparison to what it would have been had the Treaty really represented Wilson's ideals, had the peace with Germany been the generous peace promised by the President in his war-time addresses. For then in addition to the cries of "super-sovereignty," of "internationalism," of "Article X," and of "six-to-one," we would have heard one accusation more deadly in its effect than all the rest combined: "pro-German."

The Democratic argument that "we've got to ratify the Treaty and join the League because we can't do anything else" should be dropped at once. It is time to abandon the doctrine of impossibility which has been in vogue since November 11, 1918. It is time to stop repeating that we "can't expect a perfect treaty" as an argument for accepting a treaty which has practically nothing to commend it. It is time to stop talking about Wilson's fight against European greed and hatred and fear while at the same time urging ratification of a Treaty which is merely the expression of that greed and hatred and fear. It is time to break away from the evil spell of a Treaty which, in some mysterious way, causes even those who condemn its character to strive for its ratification.

It is possible of course, that the world would be better off today if America had ratified the Treaty, because America might have succeeded in persuading France to modify her reparation demands upon Germany. But neither Wilson nor Cox ever argued in such fashion when they were campaigning for the Treaty, nor is there any prospect that Harding and Hughes will so argue. Moreover, to ratify the Treaty with the aim of obtaining modification of its terms, but without informing the world that such is our intention, would be a plain surrender to the scrap-of-paper method of conducting international affairs. It would deceive and offend at the outset those nations whose cooperation we would need in carrying out our purpose. Yet the minute that we announce that we propose to have the Treaty revised, all reasons for our ratifying it automatically vanish.

The immediate duty of the Democratic leaders, then, is clear. It is to return to the ways of the Woodrow Wilson of the war; to call attention to the tragic difference between "what Wilson went after and what he brought back"; to keep up a merciless drum-fire against the Treaty until the people realize that the ideals for which millions of men died were thrown to the winds at the Paris conference; to stir up America to an understanding of the injustice which we have done to friend and foe; to preach continually the truth that the only way to be loyal to France is to stop her in her wild and bitter careering toward endless conflict with Germany; to teach France that her only chance for real safety lies in a Germany free from desire for revenge, and that the only way to create such a Germany is to make the peace terms so magnanimous that the whole world will recognize them as such; to convince France that only by a generous treatment of Germany now, can she count on our aid if Germany should ever try her mad adventure again; to fight to the last ditch every effort to pass the Treaty as it stands in regard to punishing Germany, either Knox-wise or otherwise, and to start a ceaseless campaign in favor of cancellation of Allied loans as our contribution to the sacrifices necessary to bring about a just and enduring peace.

Hartford, Connecticut. MYRON M. JOHNSON.

Napoleon As Pacifier

SIR: It would be a great pity if the New Republic readers were to miss anything as delightful as the reports of the Napoleon Centenary in the May 5th Globe:

From PARIS: "Foch lauds Napoleon," and right underneath:

From BERLIN: "The Prussian militarists do honor to the memory of Napoleon."

The principal difference to be noted is that Foch's was a nationalistic-militaristic ceremony and was graced (!) by the presence of Our American Ambassador, Hugh C. Wallace, plus a detachment of the American Legion, while the *lonely* Prussian militarists had to get along without such distinguished honor!

Es will mich hier bedünken, als ob sie beide ——

M. S.

From The Macmillan Company

SIR: I wish to thank you for the excellent review of Professor Elton's A Survey of English Literature 1780—1880 which appeared in the New Republic for April 13th. There is, however, one comment in this review to which I take exception, namely: "The publishers ungenerously refuse to supply the new section without the reprint of the old, thus forcing libraries and individuals who already possess the original volumes to purchase duplicates of them."

This work is now published in four volumes, the first two volumes having appeared originally some years ago, the third and fourth being new. The reviewer's criticism refers to the fact that the work is now sold only in sets.

We were not the original publishers of volumes one and two of the Survey and we understand that the original publishers never having made any money out of its publication, and in fact having probably lost money with it, were unwilling to keep the books in print. It seemed to us altogether too bad not to have so important a work of literature as this is, obtainable, and it seemed to us, further, that the issue of the two new volumes provided the best possible opportunity for the reissue of the first two. It was not to be expected that there would be any considerable sale for either the new or the old books, but it was our opinion that we could more nearly break even if we arranged to sell four volumes in sets only.

The publication of the Survey has been purely a labor of love. We have never made any money out of the series and never expect to. It was our desire to keep the books alive because we knew them to be worthy and we took the way of doing that which seemed likely to involve us in the least loss.

New York City. THE MACMILLAN COMPANY,
H. S. LATHAM.

Mr. Sinclair and the Weekly Review

SIR: You published my advertisement concerning W. J. Ghent and the Weekly Review, and the latter's publication of charges against me at a time when the editors have before them proof of the falsity of the charges. You also published a letter from the Weekly Review, admitting that they had done this. I am wondering if you will grant me space in which to refer to a later development in this controversy. The Weekly Review has now devoted four and a half pages to an article from the pen of W. J. Ghent, in which all his charges are

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repeated and fresh ones introduced. I cannot possibly hope that you would devote your columns to an answer to this article. and the Weekly Review has already made plain that it has space for only one side of the controversy. All that I can do is to make this statement, to those who have read my books and may be concerned about these charges: Every single charge which Ghent brought against me in the Weekly Review I answered, and the Weekly Review sent back my letter, after giving it " a cursory examination." This procedure, which the editors were forced publicly to apologize for, is now defended by Ghent, who takes advantage of such an opportunity to repeat his charges and to make others!

It seems to me that to all fair-minded men these circumstances should be sufficient to put both Ghent and the Weekly Review out of the court of truth and justice.

Pasadena, California. UPTON SINCLAIR.

Should Russia Disarm?

SIR: Certain phases of your editorial, Russia: What Next? in the issue of March 3rd seem open to criticism. You say: "It rests chiefly with the Soviet government whether it will have peace or not. Let it adjourn, sine die, its projects of world revolution; let it discontinue its propaganda abroad, irritating and futile now when its defensive purpose is disappearing, and set to work to prove within its proper domains that life can be lived tolerably under its peculiar system. Let it reduce its armies and avoid every appearance of menacing the border states. On these conditions the Soviet government will be let alone." These statements, coming suddenly and without further explanation at the close of the editorial, seem of themselves to run counter to much that the New Republic has advocated in the past on the score of Russian policy.

The criticism I have in mind is best brought out in all its bearings by the following question: Will the New Republic, in the event that the Soviet government discontinues its propaganda abroad and reduces its armies, undertake to guarantee the inviolability of Soviet territory against foreign military aggression and the security of the government itself against foreign support of counter-revolution?

In other words, what possible support can you find for the opinion that "It rests chiefly with the Soviet government whether it will have peace or not," or the further opinion that "On these conditions the Soviet government will be let alone," or the still further opinion that the "defensive purpose (of propaganda) is disappearing?" Are not these statements inherently based on the assumption that the western governments are now prepared to deal sincerely with the Soviet government? But can you credit this assumption? From what observation of events or deduction from recent history do you derive the good news? Do you believe that anything but power carries weight with the foreign offices? Is it not apparent that, over and above the stark issue of self-preservation in the face of civil war, whatever degree of respect, recognition, or even serious attention the Soviet government has gained at the hands of western government has been achieved by the menace of propaganda and by the power of the Red Army, both demonstrated in terms of actual accomplishment? The sincerity of the Soviet experiment, the administrative ability of its leaders, the strength of its diplomatic position, the virtue of its moral right: all these would have availed nothing, had not power been developed with which to confront power.

But there is a case in point. The Soviet government, in the winter of 1918-19, did partially disband the Red Army. After the defeat of Denikin and Yudenitch, it did adopt a policy of non-militancy and turn its attention to works of peace. What happened? The Polish drive, instigated by France and England, equipped largely by America, was launched into the heart of the Ukraine. Kiev was taken; the march was started to Moscow. In addition a second military movement, almost purely French in its origins, was launched into the Crimea under the leadership of Baron Wrangel. The Red Army had to be hastily recalled from the plow and factory; again it was power, and power alone, which threw back the danger.

Were the Soviet government literally to accept the advice of the New Republic as embodied in the sentences which I have quoted, what in ordinary reason would be the outcome? The Poles and Rumanians would be launched into Soviet Russia tomorrow; Baron Wrangel would be returned with his forces to the Crimea; and all the left-over paraphernalia of the great war would follow in their train. The British negotiations with Krassin would be abruptly terminated. In every foreign office, (including our own,) growing respect for Soviet power would give place to cynical contempt; the diplomats would sit down to rally the forces of imperialism for a final counter-revolutionary drive. In point of fact, this seems to be what they are doing under present conditions, in spite of the unimpaired militancy of the Soviet government. There is every indication that a new counter-revolutionary drive is on the boards, with its policies established in Paris and London. How, then, can the New Republic seriously ask for the reduction of the Red Army?

Speaking before the Eighth All-Russian Congress of the Soviets in Moscow last December, Lenin said: "To tell us that we must not wage any war unless we are compelled to in self-defense, when the sword is still raised above our heads, when, notwithstanding the hundreds of our proposals and our liberal concessions, not one of the great Powers has concluded peace with us: to say this means to repeat the old phrases of petty bourgeois pacifism which have long ago lost their sense. If, in the face of our active hostile enemies, we accepted the propositions made to us, and gave assurance that we should never resort to certain actions which might be construed as offensive from the military-strategical point of view, then we should be not only fools but criminals as well. What are these pacifist phrases and resolutions leading us to? The inference to be drawn from them is that they want to bind the Soviet government hand and foot, although it is surrounded by enemies, and give us up to the mercy of the imperialist robbers." Allowing for the necessary communistic phraseology, can the New Republic logically find fault with this point of view?

Searsport, Maine. LINCOLN COLCORD.

[The New Republic has not changed its attitude toward Soviet Russia. We hold, as we have always held, that Russia has a right to work out her own destinies. We believe that the best hope for Russia lies, not in the overthrow of the Soviet government, but in a natural adaptation of its policies to the practical conditions of Russian life, an adaptation that can take place only under conditions of freedom from attack from abroad and of untrammelled trade and intercourse. We recognize, as does our critic, that the Soviet government has survived to the present day only because it has resolutely made use of all available means of defense, including peaceful armies and propaganda. If it were to abandon all means of defense, we have not the least doubt that its enemies would rise up and destroy it. We did not urge upon it any fantastic policy of trust in foreign governments and of disarmament.

What moved us to write the words to which our correspondent takes exception was, first, the conviction that the failure of the interventionists to win popular support as well as the backing of the Allied governments was the belief among the peoples, which no amount of propaganda could destroy, that the position of the Soviet government was essentially defensive; second, that if at any time the Soviet government could be jockeyed into an offensive position the popular restraint upon imperialistic enterprise against Russia would disappear; and third, a feeling that there was a real danger that the Soviet government may let itself fall into the offensive position. The first two points we need not argue here; the third may require some discussion.

From various pronouncements of the Soviet leaders, especially of Lenin, we drew the inference that the possibilities of world revolution were greatly overestimated in Russia, and that there was an unfounded faith in the efficacy of propaganda to accomplish that end. And such overestimates and unfounded beliefs, we have feared, might impel the Soviet government to action that would be ruinous, from every human point of view. In our own view, Russian propaganda abroad has been effective in so far as it has sought to gain for Russia the indisputable right of freedom from intervention. In so far as it has sought to extend the revolutionary movement, it has been worse than ineffective—it has played into the hands of the reactionaries. If Russia and the world are to be spared the horrors of a new and vastly more formidable intervention, Russia will need to make it clear that she will let the world alone if the world will let her alone. The issue is now more or less academic, however, because in the recently signed Russo-British agree-

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ment Russia exhibits the readiness to abstain from propaganda which we would have urged upon her.

As for our suggestion that the army ought to be reduced, not abolished, that was based on the assumption that the army was very large, running well up toward the three million mark, and in excess of any purely defensive requirement. It is perhaps unfair to cite a report appearing after the writing of our article and our correspondent's criticism. But it is pertinent, as showing that, among the opponents of intervention we do not stand alone in urging reduction of the army. We quote from a London despatch published in the Call of March 17. "How far Soviet Russia is from fear of further abortive attempts at counter-revolution was indicated today when the Eighth All-Russian Congress, now in session at Moscow, adopted resolutions calling for the immediate reduction of the numerical strength of the Red Army."—THE EDITORS.]

"The Place of Peace" at Bengal

SIR: I have just come from Rabindranath Tagore's school in Bengal, where for several weeks I have been visiting, teaching, and chiefly learning. I wish all America could know the place. Of the delights of India it is the best. The unimagined simplicity of the life there and the way they all love their work and one another are refreshing surprises to a jaded American. The simplest of our schools is complex and commercial compared to Shantiniketan (place of peace). The people there are unencumbered. They need no shelves or closets, for they have few extra clothes; they need no tailors, for what extra clothes they wear are nothing but homespun sheets without seams or buttons—they even do some of the spinning and weaving themselves; they need no cobblers, for they go barefoot; they need no chairs, for they sit on the ground or on the floor; they need no knives and forks, for they eat with their fingers; they need no bathtubs, for they take their daily baths at the well, drawing their own water and washing their soiled garment at the same time; the stars make sufficient roof for their church and the shade of trees for their class-rooms; when they leave the place they go afoot, or for long distances in bullock-carts; when they want a concert they play or sing to themselves; and when they want a play they themselves write and produce one. This simplicity is not artificial; it has been the custom of wise and good men of this nation for uncounted centuries. It seemed natural and right, and also beautiful; it is like comparing the nude figure of a Greek athlete with a brandy-nose, pot-bellied "gentleman" in ill-fitting evening dress. My first sensation at Shantiniketan was one of shame on account of the amount of luggage I had brought with me. "Poor man," I read in their faces, "do you have to be chained to all these *things*?" I am not advocating a return to fig-leaf life in America—most of these ancient Indian customs would not do for us—but we need their spirit. We must simplify; we must burn our trash; we must cease to be slaves to our bread and butter.

Many things about Tagore's school are annoying to an American; there is much of what looks like inefficiency and idleness. To them time is not money; it doesn't even exist. Whether from their sense of freedom from things, or merely from poverty, there are almost no watches or clocks, but there is the sun itself with changing hours, and a mellow-sounding bell which is rung every now and then to indicate a change of occupation. In the military sense there is no discipline at all, and no need for it. And very little habit forming, except the habit of love for all men and reverence for God. The boys do as they please, and the teachers are glad. I said to Mr. Andrews, the only white man there—that rare un-Anglicized Englishmán, as near selfless as any man I have known, almost Christlike—, "I'm afraid my class made too much noise this morning; I couldn't keep them quiet." "That's good," he replied, "I should be sorry if you were that kind of a man." I was standing with him at another time when several of the older boys came up to tell him that they were going off for a three days' excursion—they had just returned from a week's holiday. "How jolly that is," said Mr. Andrews, "and their college examinations are only a month away. How hard I have been working to get them to feel independent of their examinations! It's quite splendid, isn't it?" These stories come as a bit of a shock to cut and dried teachers. They shocked me at first. We know American noses are in such need of the grindstone that it is hard for us to realize the depth of this new principle. We frankly try to train boys to be as successful as possible, though we are beginning to point out that success is not synonymous with money; and in the course of our training much attention must be put on habit formation and discipline and *un*-spoiling. But these people are not after success at all; they are simply after goodness and happiness. Incidentally they are true to their traditions and devoted to India. They are looking forward, as most Indians are, to the departure of British rule; but there is no hint of violence; and there is ample time.

When you get over your first bewilderment and touch of American vexation, you see the result of this system to be a most astonishing sense of harmony and love. The teachers all seem to enjoy their work, and some of them take no money for their services. The boys do not get on the teachers' nerves. They go in and out of the teachers' quarters—I was going to say rooms, but many of the teachers don't even have rooms—without reserve. I never once saw a teacher irritated; I never saw a teacher reprove a boy, nor a boy need a reproof. The boys all respected and loved the teachers; the teachers loved the boys—there is no other word to use. They were not "nurse-maids" of the boys, nor jailors, nor professional psychologists, nor members of teachers' federations, nor bread-winners, nor trainers, but merely simple, scholarly men who enjoyed living with boys. They were, of course, unified by an intense devotion to Rabindranath Tagore, their gurudev, as they love to call him (literally, teacher-god), and the principles of humanity and religion which he preaches. Yet I think their ashram (forest-school) will survive him, and let us hope will grow into something of the international university which he plans, because it is based on the best of Indian traditions and the soundest of educational principles—learning by contact and by practice, studying living subjects, following interest and inclination, learning through encouragement and love rather than through restrictions and fear, having the course suited to the end in view (and in this case, not the absurd Oxford-Cambridge system which has been foisted on India). The teachers are highly educated, cultured, and religious men; the boys industrious, affectionate, and appreciative. What more could you want in a school?

FOREST H. COOKE.

Agra, India.

Dr. Miller's Article on Bergson

SIR: Dr. Miller's attack on Bergson is a fascinating article—fascinating because it so brilliantly defeats its own purpose. And defeats it doubly. For in the first place, it erects a structure (the summary of Bergson's philosophy) so impregnable that the rest of the article is quite powerless to demolish it. And secondly, it violates, in its attack on this structure, the very code by which it seeks to undermine the Bergsonian system.

My reaction to the Miller article must be shared by thousands of your readers—neither philosophers nor scholars—who read this article with eager interest, and an open mind—precisely the kind of readers whom Dr. Miller, writing as he did for a lay journal, must have been seeking to convert to his way of thinking. That he failed to do so is in great measure a tribute to himself—for it is the very lucidity and sympathy and integrity of his description of Bergson's philosophy—an astonishing feat for a mind so antipathetic—which proved Dr. Miller's undoing. Had he allowed himself to skimp and desiccate his exposition of Bergson's philosophy, we poor laymen who have such a fragmentary and hearsay acquaintance with it might have fallen an easy prey to the reasoning of the second half of Dr. Miller's article.

As it is, the lay reader finds it extremely easy to confound a substantial part of Dr. Miller's argument by quoting from the first part of his own article. As Dr. Miller carefully explains, Bergson disowns mechanical analysis—the intellect—logic— rigorous classification and definition of any kind—as tests for philosophy. Bergson seeks to create or rather glimpse a philosophy which shall rest its chief claim to distinction and to *truth* on the very fact that it cannot be measured by these hard and fast mechanical, rational, or intellectual tests. After making all of this most persuasively and seductively clear, Dr. Miller proceeds to devote the remainder of his article to a rigorous,

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microsopic examination of Bergson's philosophy by these selfsame rejected intellectual tests!

The trouble is, of course, that Dr. Miller knows of no other way to discover and determine "philosophic truth" than by these mechanistic tests. It is precisely as if a young man of a practical bent of mind, brought up on "Popular Mechanics," should set himself up as a critic of the New Republic and decide that it was a failure as a periodical because it was unscientific, impractical, and did not help Man to control the physical world and bend it to his practical purposes.

As a logician, elevating logic to the rôle of a supreme test for a philosophy, it is all the more unfortunate that Dr. Miller should violate so completely the chief principle of logic—consistency. It is the startling inconsistency of his attack on the Bergsonian philosophy with the very weapons which Bergson rejects—or, if you will, his failure to win the approval of his readers for the use of these weapons after their rejection by Bergson—that weakens the Miller attack and makes it ineffectual.

But Dr. Miller's weapons are still further blunted by his "illogical" use of them. His thrusts are beside the point in some cases and exceedingly weak in others. To alarm the reader to the full import of Bergson's assault on mechanism, Dr. Miller argues impressively thus: The mechanical is the controllable. *Therefore,* if nature is not mechanical, it is not controllable. *Therefore,* when Bergson denies that nature is mechanical, he puts nature beyond our control. If this is the way "logic" works on its devotees, no wonder Bergson seeks to escape from it.

Dr. Miller's reference to the Palladino incident is an attempt at cleverness that reacts upon himself. A readiness to investigate, an open mind, a humility before the unknown and undefined, a willingness to adventure into uncharted, unpiloted roads,—are attributes that well become even the scientist, not to mention the philosopher. And if Bergson insists upon "turning the light down" it is precisely because so many excellent minds, trained in the "logical schools of philosophy," are incapable of seeing very far until the blinding, sputtering gas-lamp of "the logical intellect" is taken away from them.

Pelham, New York. H. Askowith.

The Evil of Drug Addiction

SIR: Very few periodicals open their columns to contributors on the evil of drug addiction, and I am therefore much interested in the opportunities offered by The New Republic.

A great necessity in the present stage of the movement against this national scourge is that the public shall, through all mediums, be enlightened as to the nature and extent of the evil, and also encouraged to believe, however threatening the situation may appear, there is no reason for despair, as means for putting an end to the scourge are already operative.

I find the statistics of your correspondents, Colonel Bailey and Miss Watson, surprising; one places the number of addicts in the country at a little over 9,000, and the other, basing her figures on a discredited government report, runs them up to 2,000,000.

There has never been a census taken of the actual number of addicts in the whole country. In fact, the only accurate census has been that taken by the State of New York Department of Narcotic Drug Control arrived at through registration of addicts, a strict follow-up system, and through the official and unofficial prescriptions by physicians. These statistics are actual, not figured by averages.

There is hope in the fact that there are laws already on the statute books which, when rigidly enforced, will eliminate the drug menace.

Apparently your correspondent who attacks England, as she alleges, for reaping enormous profits from the sale of opium is unaware of the change of conditions produced by the passage of the Dangerous Drugs act, which became effective in September, 1920. This act prohibits the importation and exportation of opium, except under the most rigid system of governmental permits.

Be it said to the credit of England that since the passage of the Dangerous Drugs act, not one ounce of narcotic drug has been shipped by her to this country.

Well might the United States government have taken action before May, 1920, and well might it today enforce our prohibitory laws. Failure to do so brings about these scandalous conditions in New York City alone. In 1918, 1919 and nine months in 1920, there were shipped by New York manufacturers a total of: 3 tons, 698 lbs., 7 oz. of morphine; 5 tons, 213 lbs., 1 oz. of cocaine, via Seattle to Japan to be used by that country to drug the Chinese. On these disgraceful cargoes, one learns with indignation that a rebate of $283,923 was paid by the United States government to these New York manufacturers at the time of export to make good the amount paid by them in duty on the raw material at time of importation. This for New York City alone.

Sara Graham-Mulhall, Deputy Commissioner,
New York Department of Narcotic Drug Control.
New York City.

Mrs. Isaacs' Article

SIR: The author of the article As Good as a Man—and Better does a poor service to the cause of feminism.

She attempts to discredit the achievements of the logical intellect—of the step by step process by which Plato, Aristotle, Aquinas, Descartes, Spinoza, Locke, Kant, Hume, Spencer,—have checked and systematized the leaps and stumbles of intuition.

Those of us who feel that there is a particular danger today in the disposition to substitute feeling for thought as a guide to action will not find our hesitations overcome about the value of the feminine element in our thinking by such brilliant apologies as that of Mrs. Isaacs.

Washington, D. C. Richard C. De Wolf.

The Creed of the K. K. K.

SIR: My attention has been called to an editorial in your edition of April 13th, in which you state that in Dallas County, Texas, a Negro was tried before a midnight court of the Ku Klux Klan and branded with the letters K. K. K. You further refer to the organization in rather satirical language and make it appear that it does not stand for law and order. I would suggest that before you make such statements you make an attempt to learn a little of what you intend to criticize.

Your remarks about the Negro in Texas are wholly without foundation. The Ku Klux Klan had no hand in it whatsoever nor would the organization sanction any move of the kind. We stand behind the arm of the law and do not for one moment ever consider taking it into our own hands. To do so would mean immediate banishment from the Klan.

We have no fight against the Negro—nor any race, faction or creed. We stand for a bigger, better, finer America where law and order comes first. Our membership is made up of high class men and in carrying out our program we are making it a better place for all to live.

A Member of the Ku Klux Klan in New York.

Strange Indeed

SIR: We have been subscribers to "The China Fund," and two days ago the following came out in the Cleveland Plain Dealer: "For the first time in history, flour milled in China is being sold in the European markets. And we are consuming millions of Chinese eggs. Strange that China should choose famine tim to begin shipping her food stuffs abroad."

Strange indeed, when the farmers in this very country are in desperate straights to get enough for their products to pay their taxes! Is it permitted to ask whether there is some one in "authority" who will be so good as to tell us what is proper to think under such circumstances? We should be so grateful.

Clarence V. Rawson.

Girard, Pennsylvania.

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Human Nature and Some Social Institutions

Our Social Heritage, by Graham Wallas. New Haven: Yale University Press.

MOST social philosophers, whether they deal with the concepts of their profession only, or with specific historical, institutional or personal material, take the stuff and function of the social milieu for granted, and discuss only the distribution and ordination of its component parts. Is society for the individual or the individual for society, or each for the other, and how? This is their perennial question, and whether they answer it in terms of a revolutionary philosophy like the Marxist, or of a meliorist philosophy like that of the British Liberal (see, for example, Sir Herbert Samuel's Liberalism, Its Principles and Proposals) or a reactionary philosophy like Hegel's or Herbert Hoover's, all they do is to reshuffle the cards, and to make new patterns of the same social materials. It occurs to them only in rare instances to inquire whether the social milieu is good for man; consequently, whatever their party or program, they all found their thinking upon the same assumption—that society itself is an unchallengeable good, and that only its arrangement can be in question. And by society itself they tacitly and practically mean the society of their own day and generation.

On the rare occasions when this implicit dogma of the social philosophers has been challenged, the challenge has usually taken the form of an analysis of the influence of the institutions and ideals of society on an imputed human nature, and a repudiation of the system and all its works. Such a challenge has been conspicuously made by Nietzsche, who found civilization identical with decadence and society with degeneration; by Mr. Edward Carpenter who sees it as a disease requiring a cure; and by Mr. Graham Wallas.

Mr. Wallas differs so radically from the other two in his description of the social milieu and its implications, however, that I do not doubt that he would feel himself in bad company to be associated with them at all. And, so far as his dominant dispositions go, he would be justified. He finds, like them, a radical disharmony between original human nature and the social milieu—particularly that which has come into existence in the last hundred years and more. He finds like them a deterioration in animal self-sufficiency and strength. He finds a deterioration to the degree that the human individual has become a parasite upon his "social heritage" and could not survive without it, yet he is not at ease within it. Instead, however, of repudiating the social heritage, like Nietzsche and Edward Carpenter, Mr. Wallas would conserve it, and readjust it to human nature. "Each generation, if it is to live happily and harmoniously, or even is to avoid acute suffering, must adapt to its present needs the social heritage which it received from the preceding generation." When such an adaptation is involved in "a wide and conscious effort . . . . to survey the whole field of our social heritage, and to bring the old into systematic relation with the new," the enterprise is called "reconstruction." And it is as an item in this enterprise that Mr. Wallas offers the present book. It is an item also in another sense. Its fundamental theses were laid down in The Great Society. The argument of Our Social Heritage is to a considerable degree recapitulation, elaboration, reemphasis or withdrawal of the theses in the earlier book. Thus the psychological doctrines are largely recapitulation, the arguments against Guild Socialism and professionalism are elaboration and reemphasis; the discussion of science is withdrawal. Genuinely fresh material appears in the discussion of the nation, of world cooperation, of constitutional monarchy and of the Church. But new or old, the argument proceeds upon the assumption that the survival of man is dependent, like that of a parasite, upon the survival of his social heritage; that this consists of a collection of devices, inventions, stratagems, which are unharmonious with his original nature, and which consequently must be reshaped toward harmony. The body of the book is an analysis of several existing and proposed social devices—mostly in Great Britain.

That the assumptions are mutually contradictory will not trouble a reader accustomed to social philosophy.

II

By the Great Society Mr. Wallas means that type of human organization which came into existence with the railroad, the newspaper and the automatic machine. It is "great" in contrast to the little societies that existed when the unit of population was the agricultural worker, and communities could subsist on what they produced at home. The Great Society is modern society, industrial society, with its enormous aggregation of workers, and the far-flung interdependence of its parts. It is a society whose agencies can and must operate continuously. Man, however, is not organized so to work. By nature, he works intermittently, whether with brain or brawn. Consequently, man under civilization suffers from fatigue, which is a universal sign of disharmony, and which, directly or indirectly, he tries to evade. The devices of evasion may vary from ca'canny to legislation, in manual labor, and from logic to statistics and emotional play in mental work. An adequate educational system would aim to diminish or abolish fatigue and facilitate sustained effort by a technique of conscious control which would replace impulse with purpose. Such a system would be a "process by which human beings so acquire the knowledge and habits which constitute civilization as to be fitted to live well both individually and in cooperation."

For this cooperation there is a basis in original nature, but not a wide one. Natural man is only loosely and intermittently gregarious. His spontaneous mode of acting with his fellows is a "disorderly process of simultaneous clamor and action," wasteful, but adaptive. In it, thought and action are not differentiated, and the process of thought, when it occurs at all, occurs in isolation. Cooperation in thought becomes possible only through the use of inherited devices of the whole technique of communication. It requires self-control and conscious repression, and hence generates fatigue, and a tendency to revert to the primitive instinctive process which can only be obviated by a clear understanding of the functions and status of each member of the group.

But while, in the group, the instinctive process is close enough to the circumstances of its situation not to do any very great harm, in the nation it is remote. The senses and instincts respond directly to a very limited portion of the national aggregate of men, country and institutions. The rest is not fact, but idea, subject to all kinds of manipulation by interested parties. To form and keep a correct idea it is necessary to get free of all prepossessions, then to realize "the facts of the human type, of the differences between individual human beings, and of the quantitative relation between the grades and kinds of difference." Continuous cooperation of the varieties that constitute the type in the modern industrial state is possible only through con-

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scious consent. Such consent can ultimately come from "economic and social equality," better understanding of the money economy, and a positive liking, by each man, for his job. The latter can come about solely through an adjustment of a man's nature, nurture and present way of living to one another. Such an adjustment can be achieved only in a social organization and through an educational system that envisages the qualitative differences between men on the principle: "from each according to his powers: to each according to his needs."

The devices which are at present under scrutiny as likely to secure these ends are the territorial state and the vocational state. The vocational state is that proposed by the Guild Socialists. Although it rests its case upon the idea of the division of labor, the very character of the guild type of association is such as to impose uniformity of standards, habits, and methods upon its members, to make them narrow, resistent to change, resentful of innovation and invention, monopolistic, antagonistic to the necessary accumulation of capital for new enterprises, and opposed to the "integration of labor" which is the opposite of "division" and on which variety and zest in industrial work depend. The mediaeval guilds failed to survive; the modern trades-unions functioned only in their own interest, both during and after the war. It was the "political organization," not the vocational, which effected the necessary "dilution" of industry and pressed forward in the work of reconstruction. Indeed, what the behavior of guilds would be like may be very clearly observed in the behavior of such surviving guilds as those of the lawyers, and the doctors, and the military and such guild-like professional associations as that of the teachers. They are all tradition and precedent-bound, anti-progressive, monopolistic. The lawyers — with their associations of barristers and solicitors—are the worst. The military are the most dangerous, the officers being "intensely class conscious members of one social class and one political party": the "feeling of the army" has become a problem in public policy, to the degree that the control of the army has become an issue for the very existence of democracy.

The same thing, in a lesser degree, is true of the monarchy and of the Church. The monarchy is usually justified and accounted for as a symbol of government without its power, as a device for concentrating and centralizing loyalty as only a living person can. The king "commands allegiance without impinging on government." In point of fact, however, this isn't so. Royal personages—Victoria, for example, or Edward—actively interfere in government and give their opinions weight. Where their sympathies are involved they might conceivably violate the convention not to veto legislation and not to retain a ministry without a majority in the House of Commons. As the army is trained to feel itself entirely "on his majesty's service," its refusal—as during the home-rule controversy in 1913—to carry out the behest of a parliamentary government, might make it an instrument in the hands of royalty against the people. The king as a person is thus a danger, as a symbol he is a clumsy device, which obscures rather than reveals the political relations for which it stands. An alternative ought to be invented.

The Church, also, may become an enemy of the free state. During the war, it showed itself on the whole acquiescent in the national mood and attitude, regardless of whether it was right or wrong. It played for its own interests, rather than the good of mankind, so that it did what was expedient, not what was good. The reason is, that it has no "world-outlook." It has suspended intellect in favor of sacramentalism. It seeks its justification in the instinctive, the primitive, the subconscious. It is unattached to any general ethical scheme, so that it naturally plays for its own advantage as a vested interest. This means that it would in England seek to control education and oppose loyalty to democracy by loyalty to the church itself or to the nation narrowly conceived. The professionalism of its members would be unutterable. As it is likely to be disendowed and removed from control by the state, it is destined to fall into the hands of an ignorant fanaticism against which the antidote is clear thought and frank speech on religious questions by individuals. Christianity is passing: its social functions may be served by " something like the philosophies of Zeno and Epicurus in the Roman Empire," while great mass emotions may get expressed through secular means. "The special task of our generation might be so to work and think as to hand on . . . the heritage of a world-outlook deeper and wider and more helpful than that of modern Christendom."

III

To Americans the devices so far studied and weighed can have only a remote interest. They do not present what William James used to call momentous and immediate options, requiring fatal decisions. The pertinent institutions of American life—industry, agriculture, government, the churches and public education, offer a far different pattern, and involve men and women in too different manners and problems of association. In spite of many allusions to the United States, Mr. Wallas's concrete considerations are very largely irrelevant. That they might bear critically upon our relations with Great Britain there is reason to believe. But how, and with what effect is an unhopeful speculative matter which only the event could determine. Much more pertinent and momentous are the reflections on Liberty, Right, Honor, Independence and Free Will, which the social devices and proposals that come under Mr. Wallas's review safeguard, threaten, or modify; the dogma of "the good life" which he postulates as the objective of social control. These constitute, far more completely than the notion of the parasitical relation between the individual and his social heritage, the criteria of the judgment Mr. Wallas passes on the institutions, proposals and counter-proposals current in Britain.

Liberty remains to Mr. Wallas a state of consciousness. But he supplements the definition in The Great Society by some psychological animadversions on liberty as a historical political principle. As such, it is a negative rather than a positive principle. It aims at the removal of obstructions to the spontaneous expression of men's natures, rather than at that expression, and the removal of obstruction of a special kind—namely obstruction originating not in mere circumstances but in one's fellows, and operating in a manner inconsistent with normal human relationship based on instincts. It then gives rise to a feeling of "unfreedom," and becomes an issue of social liberty. In the gratification of the cooperative instincts which regulate common decision and common action, mutually limiting as they must be, freedom of speech will be sufficient to keep the feeling of unfreedom from arising, provided that the instincts of cooperation are in action, that the action does not fatigue, and that the non-cooperative instincts are not too long kept unsatisfied. Human nature being what it is, the complete absence of "unfreedom" is neither normal nor desirable. If we are to "live the good life" we must submit to our

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social heritage and undergo education. The absence of social control, "laissez faire," may be the very enemy of liberty. Liberty is not only opportunity to exercise our faculties, but "conscious and organized will to do so."

This will gets specification in the correlated ideas of natural right, honor, and independence. All three are postulated upon human obstruction to instincts such as sex, property, family affection, leadership and following. A right is the removal of a feeling of being "wronged," just as liberty is the removal of "unfreedom." Yet what is naturally right may often not be socially good: some instincts inevitably require repression and redirection. The idea of honor is also bound up with these considerations. It comes into play in terms of a feeling of degradation by one's fellows, a feeling of obstruction and wrong for which there is no redress and no revenge. It is a double-edged principle and may intensify as well as mitigate disharmony. Its operation should be made to conduce to "the good life." The conception of "independence" as freedom from nefarious influences has, as social dynamic, a positive content which right, honor and liberty do not possess. For although it encourages some instincts, it requires the obstruction of others. The instincts it encourages are those engaged on the subject-matter in hand. Those it obstructs are those whose activity is evoked to divert the first from their proper interest, whatever it be,—veracity in the newspaper man, judgment in the judge, administrator or legislator.

Ultimately, freedom and personal worth are implicated in the sense of personal responsibility and personal initiative on which democracy depends. This sense meets, however, a constant challenge and a dangerous enemy in the basic postulate of science, the postulate, namely, that the same effects always follow the same cause. "But it is a serious misfortune for mankind that the idea of causation in conduct leads straight to the old dilemma of necessity and free-will. When a man thinks of the whole universe as a finite interrelated unity he willingly submits to the conception of universal necessity; but when he thinks of his own behavior, or that of his neighbors, as facts separable from the rest of the universe, he often finds himself possessed with a passionate conviction that the human will is somehow "free"; that the issues of his own struggles against temptation or his own choice of means and ends are not predetermined; and that his neighbors, when they do things for which he blames or praises them, could have acted differently." The way out of the dilemma, Mr. Wallas opines, may ultimately be the idea "that everything that happens is both free and caused," that the world is all alive, "that freedom and causation are two sides of one shield." Thus he could both have his cake and eat it. Meanwhile, determinist philosophy and psychology have led to an oversimplification of human motives, and the erection of the current psychological shibboleth into a standard in conformity with which men consciously try to mold their natures. "The statesman or manufacturer was apt to act on the half-conscious assumption that economic 'laws' were rules of conduct which the economist commanded . . . . mankind to obey; but which any man was free at his own risk to disobey. A hard-hearted manufacturer, therefore, deliberately attempted to inhibit his own feelings of pity, and justified himself for brutal exploitation of women and children by saying that he was 'obeying the laws of political economy'; while a kind-hearted statesman pleaded for a policy of mercy with the feeling that he was a rebel against law." Darwinism and "scientific determinism" both have led to an immoral acquiescence in the status quo, and a separation of human motive into "scientific" and non-scientific, which has a paralyzing effect on that initiative on which progress depends.

IV

What weight may be placed on the general conceptions of Our Social Heritage and the policies that are approved or condemned by means of them? The answer to this question will depend in part on the purpose of the book, in part on the degree of agreement or dissent Mr. Wallas's preconceptions evoke. Mr. Wallas, in an aside regarding constitutional monarchy, indicates that the meaning of his work lies in "the effort to make our working conception of the world resemble as near as may be the facts." But in social life, in the relationships between individuals and groups, what are "the facts?" They are not the fixed and unalterable entities which the physical sciences operate with. They are a stream of constantly changing relationships of personal lives which are themselves congeries of relationships in constant flux, and in which a fact is not a preexisting thing to which a conception may conform, but an eventual thing which a conception may create or determine. In spite of much up-to-the-minute psychologism, and the garnering of the American laboratories and the British closets, Mr. Wallas's conception of human nature and human institutions remains for all practical purposes static. His "drives" and "dispositions" and "instincts," empirically inferred and actually handled though they often are, remain hardly anything more than the contemporary restatement of the mediaeval faculty psychology which has received so great a vogue through the work of McDougall, and whose radically atomic and immutable architecture is disguised by a terminological contagion from biology. It disregards the compensatory and expressive role of systems of art, religion and philosophy, and the complicated relations of ideas to experiences. The extraordinary intellectual elisions involved in the idea of the parasitic relation between the individual and his "social heritage" derive from this staticism. Man is as parasitic to earth and air as to his social heritage. Only through assuming the absolute independence of the heritage can the parasitic dependence of the individual be postulated; and then only for an instant, since, if the argument is to proceed, it can proceed only by the tacit counter-assumption that the "heritage" is parasitic to the individual, so that it can be altered by him, and made adaptable to his original nature. As a matter of fact, the relationship is on the whole symmetrical: the social milieu which is the creation—if you will, the secretion—of the individuals who compose society, and those individuals, develop, degenerate, and otherwise vary, together. And whether any phase of the process is to be regarded as development or as degeneration depends on a standard arbitrarily chosen.

Thus, Mr. Wallas, no less than the social theorists he complains of, has been seduced by Darwinistic determinism. No less than they he commits oversimplification in his treatment of the various situations which cause him concern. Take for example his discussion of the nation as fact and idea, and his animadversions on guild socialism. In view of the character and content of nationalist effort throughout the nineteenth century, in view of its emphasis on social imponderables—on language, literature, culture, and its quite fanatical motivation by these instruments and expressions, in view of their influence on the ponderable and economic developments of the Great Society, the absence of all ref-

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erence to them in a formulation of "the nation as idea and fact" implies a conspicuous over-simplification of motive in the direction of economic determinism. So also, the consideration of guild socialism in terms of the mediaeval past and the trades-union present. It abstracts both from their setting. It ignores "the social heritage" in which the mediaeval guild was only one element, and with which it had to establish adjustment. It ignores the primary and significant purpose of the trades-union as an insurance of the workingman against the exploitation of the employer, and the significant change in direction and function which the very idea of guild socialism is a symptom of. It fails to recognize that the trades-unions behave as they behave in relation to a community which behaves as it behaves, and that alteration in conduct can come only through mutual adjustment, in which responsibility comes with freedom, not suspicion or coercion.

Indeed, the strictures upon the program of the Guild Socialists illustrate better than anything else Mr. Wallas's intrinsically static habit of mind. They disregard precisely those formulations of Liberty, Rights, Honor and Independence which are the conceptual criteria of the value of institutional devices for "the good life." The type of "obstructions" which gives the trades-union member his sense of "unfreedom," wrong, and dishonor is not even mentioned in the defense of the territorial state which permits them against the idea of a vocational one which would remove them. Yet if those obstructions were removed, exactly the situation might obtain which would justify the claims of Mr. Cole and his comrades. A similar commentary would apply to the discussion of the Church and "world cooperation," but these two examples are enough. For a libertarian Mr. Wallas argues very interestingly with inert categories and because he argues with inert categories, argues foregone conclusions. The fact is, that without deterministic assumptions there could be no argument whatsoever. These assumptions do not however imply what Mr. Wallas thinks they imply. He thinks that they imply inert repetition; the same cause always has the *same* effect. But they do not. They imply continuity, cumulativeness, addition, growth, without which "evolution" would have no meaning. They imply that in the concrete situations of industry, politics, religion, or what not, there are no sames; that there are only individuals and particulars whose specific variations are functions of time, place and circumstance. These specific variations may be the effect of intelligence which envisages and directs the situation, determining into what next pattern it shall fall. Freedom is thus possible only through determinism. It is so possible whether the world be regarded as finite—Mr. Wallas states, without argument, the curious and novel doctrine that determinism implies a finite universe—or infinite. That thinkers tend to oversimplify human motives has nothing to do with science or determinism. Oversimplification was as characteristic of Plato and Aristotle, of St. Augustine and St. Thomas, of Hume and Hegel, as of Ricardo and Marx. For this reason the warning against it is always well-taken. But thinking can proceed only by simplification, and the defense against it is an experimentalist attitude, not a complication of tools. This itself involves that freedom through determination in which social progress registers itself. What its bearing on "the good life" is cannot be said, for, though Mr. Wallas repeatedly invokes "the good life" as an unchanging objective of conduct, he invokes it as a simple abstraction, nowhere giving it the character, content and direction which would make it real.

H. M. KALLEN.

Confessions of Peace Makers

What Really Happened at Paris, by American Delegates. Edited by Edward Mandell House and Charles Seymour. New York: Charles Scribners Sons.

WHAT did really happen at Paris is something no one will look for within the covers of a book, when the corpus delicti of Europe lies grisly before his eyes. But how it happened and why is something everybody possessed of historical curiosity will want to know as much about as possible. And the gentlemen who give testimony in this volume are in a position to tell much. Their number includes Mr. House, the Silent, who fought valiantly for the principle of "open covenants openly arrived at;" Clive Day, chief of the Balkan Division, who thinks openly arriving at covenants might have produced another war; Charles Homer Haskins, who helped to bound Germany, who stands up manfully spitting a little red blood at "those who pity Germany on account of the Fourteen Points;" Robert Howard Lord, whose ambition in life was to give Poland whatever she wanted; Charles Seymour, who helped in the receivership for the Austro-Hungarian Empire; Douglas Nelson Johnson, who furnished expert data on Fiume; Manley Hudson, legal adviser of the American Commission, who interested himself in the rights of minorities; Thomas Lamont and Allyn A. Young, who helped make the reparations and economic clauses; Gompers on Labor and Hoover on Economic Administration; General Bliss on Disarmament and David Hunter Miller on the League. All these and others gave their frankest views before the Public Forum of the Philadelphia Academy of Music, and now publish them in this volume. And the net effect is that of such a commemorative volume as might be prepared by those who have collaborated in any great and successful work. These men pronounce their work, with a few reservations, good.

The point most insistently dwelt upon is that the Peace Treaty was not the work of four supermen or submen, but the collective performance of a large number of specially qualified experts. The Four decided, but their decisions in most cases merely gave binding force to the agreements made by the special commissions. On important points the Big Four might revise the work of the special commissions, or even substitute a quite different solution. Thus the special commission of which Mr. Lord was a member would have given Danzig and Upper Silesia to Germany, an arrangement torn up by the Big Four at the instance of Lloyd George, who, Mr. Lord hints, was afraid that British commercial interests in the Baltic would be prejudiced by such a solution. The Big Four gave the Germans of the Tyrol to Italy without depending on expert reports, and settled the deadlock on reparations on the wrong side and nearly broke down in settling the Adriatic dispute on the right side. If we fix our attention on the number of issues settled, the collective experts wrote most of the Treaty; if we fix our attention on the crucial issues alone, they were settled chiefly by the Big Four. And if another war breaks out to revise the settlement, history will hardly go beyond the Big Four in its fixing of responsibility.

Yet that is perhaps to minimize too much the importance of the work done by the men who speak in this volume. There is evidence enough in these papers that the work of the different commissions must have been very uneven; that in some instances the case that went before the Big Four was so clear that it could hardly be overturned and

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that in other cases it was so mushy that the Big Four were hardly to be blamed if they made arbitrary decisions. Take for example the discussion of Fiume and the Adriatic Problem, by Douglas Nelson Johnson. Every aspect of that question is brought out in so clear a light that nothing remained for the Big Four but to choose between right and wrong. President Wilson fought for the right with a tenacity that seemed to the uninformed outsider almost perverse, in its contrast with his apparently easy virtue in the matter of the Saar valley and reparations. Of course one cannot dogmatize on the character of the case presented to the Big Four by the commissions on the German boundaries and reparations. But so far as it may be inferred from the accounts given in this book it must have been confusing and inconclusive.

Consider the matter of the inclusion of pensions and separation allowances in the reparations bill. Only the baldest sophistry could include those items under the armistice agreement. Their admission was a patent offence against the sanctity of agreements between nations. Moreover, the other items, for which German responsibility was clear and admitted, were sufficiently great to absorb practically all of Germany's capacity to pay. They would have amounted to twelve or fifteen billions—a sum the Allies today would be glad to take in cash for the sum of the indemnity, according to Mr. Lamont. Their inclusion meant the hanging over Germany of a debt that could not be paid, to the continued disturbance of European economic relations and of the peace itself. All this Mr. Lamont and his colleagues must have seen and foreseen. But instead of attempting to enlighten Wilson on the economic consequences of this inflation of the indemnity and its bearing on the future peace of the world, points on which his independent judgment, everyone knows, has always been weak, they put their case on the ground of logic. "We explained to him that we couldn't find a single lawyer in the American delegation that would give an opinion in favor of including pensions. All the logic was against it. 'Logic! Logic!' exclaimed the President, 'I don't give a damn for logic, I am going to include pensions!'" In the light of the consequences of the inclusion, that saying stands out as the most fatuous in recorded history. But did not the experts know better than to mention the word logic to a man so hypersensitive about his red blood? It is at least a possibility that if the reparations committee had worked up its case with the clear integrity and competence Mr. Johnson and his colleagues on the Adriatic question exhibited, President Wilson would have held out for a decent settlement which would have enabled Europe to return to order and peace. He might have been defeated, of course, but at least American national honor would not have been compromised.

In some respects the most interesting discussion in the book is that of General Bliss on disarmament. General Bliss commits himself to the doctrine that it was a failure to settle the armament question that made the war possible. "This all important question is still unsolved, and until it is solved other such wars are as certain to come as the sun to rise." "The tendency has been to abolish the distinction between combatants and non-combatants, to treat all as soldiers—the mother rocking the cradle at home as the husband or son in the trenches. And it is to be feared that it will be as bad, or worse, in the next war unless the good God gives us sense at least to try some plan by which warfare may be made impossible." What General Bliss proposes is a disarmament conference of the five chief Powers. "It must be free and unpledged. It must not be composed of military and naval men but of the most far-sighted statesmen." To which excellent recommendation the reviewer would interpose one exception. The American delegation would have to include one military man, General Bliss, if it was really to contain our most far-sighted statesmen. ALVIN JOHNSON.

Selected Current Books

French Foreign Policy, by Graham H. Stuart. Century Company.

A History of French foreign policy from 1898 to 1914.

The Polish Peasant in Poland and America, by William I. Thomas and Florian Znaniecki. Badger.

A comprehensive study in five volumes of the evolution of the Polish peasantry under modern influences and particularly as affected by immigration to America.

Thought Relics. Glimpses of Bengal. By Sir Rabindranath Tagore. Macmillan.

Selections from Tagore's letters which cover the most productive period of his literary life.

Heart of Man, The Torch, Literary Essays, Studies of a Litterateur, Literary Memoirs of the Nineteenth Century, Appreciation of Literature, by George Edward Woodberry. Harcourt, Brace and Company.

A new collected edition of Woodberry's essays.

Serbia and Europe, edited with a preface by Dr. L. Marcovitch. George Allen & Unwin.

A collection of articles by Serbian publicists and politicians, constituting a study of Serbian policy from 1914 to 1920.

Macedonia, by A. Goff and Hugh A. Fawcett. John Lane.

"A plea for the primitive"—a study of Macedonia by two writers who have explored it thoroughly.

Encyclopaedia of Religion and Ethics, edited by James Hastings.

Volume XI Sacrifice—Sudra.

Constitutional History of England, by George B. Adams. Henry Holt.

A comprehensive survey of the constitutional history of England from the Anglo-Saxon age down to the present, "for general readers who wish a clear and not too technical account of the growth of the English constitution from generation to generation."

Contributors

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